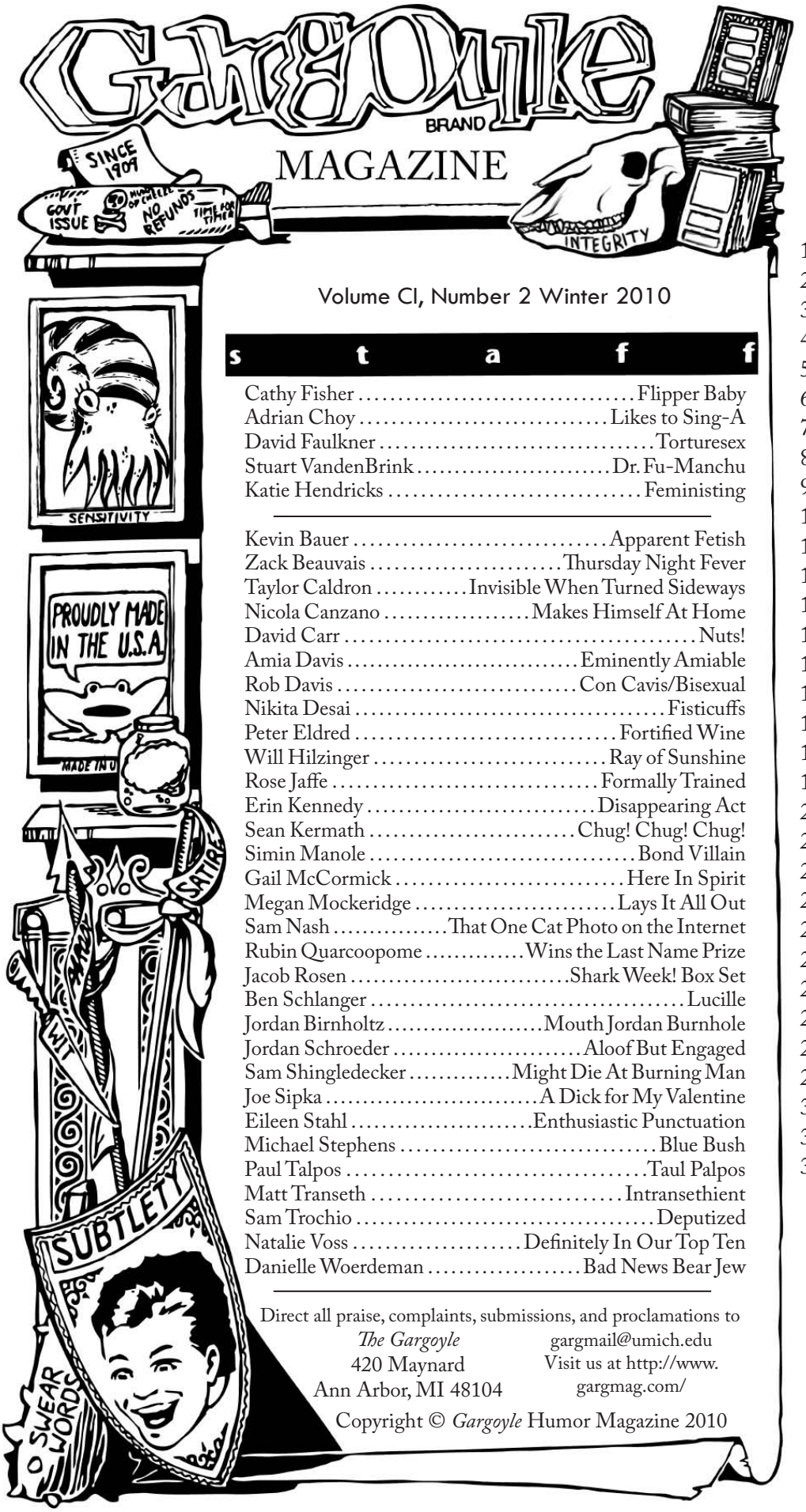
GargOyle

humor magazine

The Interview Issue

with
OK Go
Electric Six
Guy Davis
John Hodgman
and more!

ROSE JAFF



Volume CI, Number 2 Winter 2010

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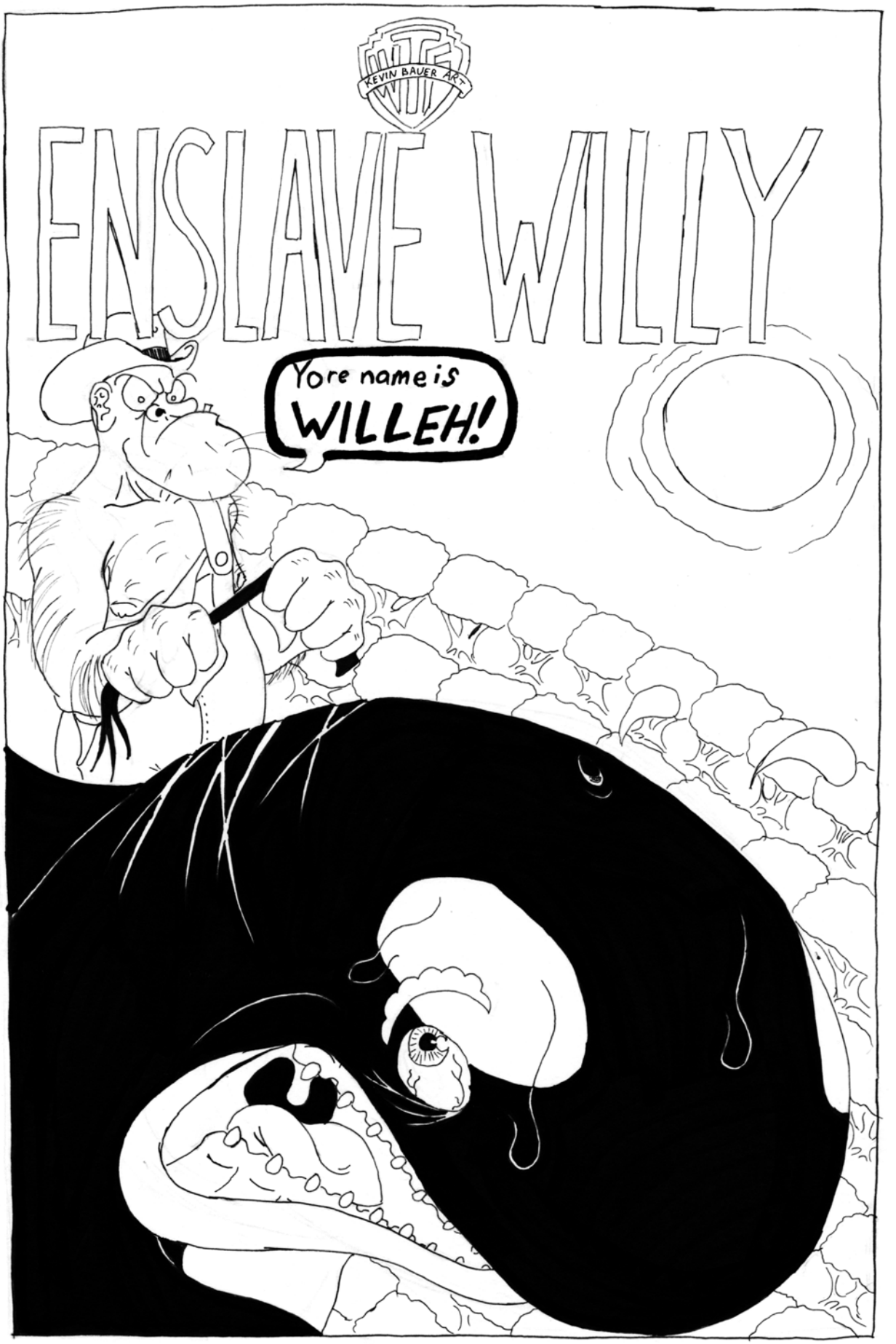

KEVIN BAUER ART
ENSLAVE WILLY
Yore name is WILLEH!

Philosophy

By Cathy

College is really when you start realizing that you're aging. It's when you become very conscious of the fact that you can measure your life in decades, rather than years. Significant series of events took place while you were fully conscious and fairly capable of analysis and comprehension. You were mobile, talkative, and likely learning multiplication tables (unless you were one of the slow kids) when kids who are now 13 were born.

Think about that. Scared you, didn't I? Well, you should be afraid. You should spend more time thinking about the fleeting nature of the human experience and your own inevitable mortality and less time drinking and having fun.

In this vein, I have determined that the *Gargoyle* will abandon humor and all silly inclinations in favor of publishing deep, thought-provoking literature and epic poetry that explores the unplumbed depths of the soul and tackles the serious issues facing our society today. I AM ONE HUNDRED PERCENT FOR REAL HERE.

SERIOUS ISSUE #1: Poverty

Why am I so poor? Why isn't anyone leaping to give me a job? I am more deserving than pretty much everyone else in the job market. I am practically a college graduate! I will be earning a Bachelor of Arts degree! That is one of the best ones, or so I'm told. I have been going to school for so, so long. I just want to get a job. That's all I want. Once I get a job, I will be able to buy a Kindle.

SERIOUS ISSUE #2: Technology

I got a Mac because I like backlit keyboards, only to find out recently that there's no Mac equivalent for a program my roommate has that lets him stream his videos through our Xbox. This is a very important issue because I downloaded some episodes of *Castle* that I would really rather watch on the TV than my laptop screen.

SERIOUS ISSUE #3: Unanswered Questions

Too many questions (the majority of them) have not yet been answered in this world. It's a horrible travesty. In an effort to make a dent in the vast sea of unanswered questions, we decided to make this the "Interview Issue." Essentially, we tried to ask as many questions of as many people as possible. The result is interviews with OK Go, Electric Six, Guy Davis, John Hodgman, and our dads, all of which you'll find in the coming pages.

SERIOUS ISSUE #4: Business Manager David Faulkner Not Selling Any Ads

No matter how much I yell at Business Manager David Faulkner and pelt him with dried beans, he continues to fail to sell ads in the magazine.

"Business Manager David Faulkner!" I shriek, my arm poised with fistful of kidney beans. "Where are our advertisers? I can't be expected to fill this magazine with content!"

He whimpers and hides inside the shopping cart but fails to provide me with a legitimate explanation. This is a serious issue that can only somewhat be remedied through bake sales and our fairly successful side business selling off-brand Blue Books. (By the way, if you would like to purchase off-brand Blue Books, please call (734) 763-0303 and ask for "Jeff.")

SERIOUS ISSUE #5: James Cameron's *Avatar*

I don't want to watch James Cameron's *Avatar* or hear about it anymore! I don't even want to hear any more jokes about it! Shut up, guys! It's a shitty movie and we'll all have forgotten about it in three months—even sooner if you stop fucking talking about it!

I hope you enjoyed (but not too much!) that brief foray into the serious issues facing us all (the world, especially the children) right now. You may think that I "was a downer" or "bummed you out." For this, I am sorry. But you should really nut up.

What do you think this is, anyway? A humor magazine?

Mail

Direct all hate mail and suspicious parcels to
The *Gargoyle*
420 Maynard St.
Ann Arbor 48104
or
gargmail@umich.edu
Visit us on the Interwebnet at:
http://www.gargmag.com/

Deer *Gargoyle*,

Your magazine and the reading of it is good. Sometime in night and day I look at it and the laughing happens. Art and pictures in it is good and I wait for it to be new. Thank you for giving me the laughs that I want

-Mary Sue Coleman

Dear Horse Oil,

What is horse oil?

-Helen Keller

Dear *Gargoyle*,

The originality in your more recent issues has been declining. The *Gargoyle* is nothing but a very poor copy of *The Onion* with awful Photoshop work. While jokes about the University are relevant, merely insulting the Greek community or other commonly satirized aspects of campus life does nothing but promote the stereotype of the culturally blinded college student. Meanwhile, more groundbreaking humor publications aren't getting the funding they deserve. Please either stop taking all of your article ideas from an existing satirical newspaper or realize the harm you're doing and disband.

Sincerely,
The Every Three Weekly

Dear Every Three Weekly,

You're right. We're sorry.

Love,
Gargoyle

Dear *Gargoyle*,

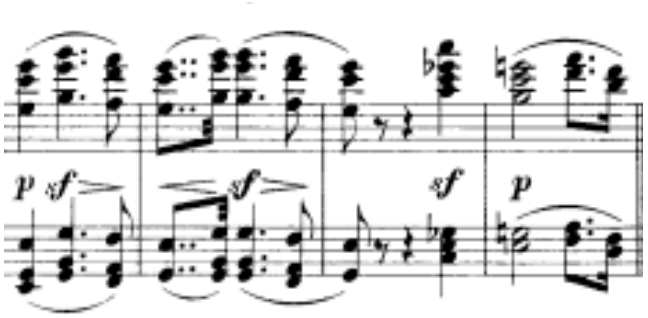
I saw your ad in the *Plain Dealer* and I am interested in purchasing your coal-powered generator. If the brushes are still firm and the valve pumps are clear, I would be willing to buy it from you. I will not buy a generator with flimsy or dirty brushes or actuators. Your ad suggested that the brushes, valve pumps, actuators, and turbines are in working order and those are things that I require of my generators.

Sincerely,
Oswald Griszbeck
Tampa, FL

Oswald,

We are sorry to inform you that we have already sold our generator to Florence M. of Battle Creek, MI. And we may have exaggerated the cleanliness of our actuators.

Yours,
Gargoyle

Dear *Gargoyle*,

Love,
The Piano

Ann Arbor Cultural Calendar for Jan. 25-Mar. 31, 2010

January

26 Chris Proctor (The Ark)
Corey Smith (The Blind Pig)
Abraham Verghese (Borders)

27 **Chicago Symphony Orchestra (UMS)**
The New Deal (The Blind Pig)
John Baldoni (Borders)

28 Pierre Boulez Interview (UMS)
The Silent Years (The Blind Pig)
Dean Edwards (A2 Comedy Showcase)

29 **33rd Ann Arbor Folk Festival (The Ark)**
S.U.N. (The Blind Pig)
Dean Edwards (A2 Comedy Showcase)

30 33rd Ann Arbor Folk Festival (The Ark)
The Sights (The Blind Pig)
Alpha Apollo (EMU Convocation Center)
Dean Edwards (A2 Comedy Showcase)

31 **Ladysmith Black Mambazo (UMS)**
Mogi Grumbles (The Blind Pig)

Frebuberry

2 AA Bondy (The Blind Pig)

3 Matt Hires (The Ark)
Promise of a Few (The Blind Pig)

4 Malinky (The Ark)
The Bad Plus (UMS)
Kadence MC (The Blind Pig)
Geechy Guy (A2 Comedy Showcase)

5 The RFD Boys (The Ark)
Ann Arbor Soul Club (The Blind Pig)
Geechy Guy (A2 Comedy Showcase)

6 **Ralph Stanley (The Ark)**
Geechy Guy (A2 Comedy Showcase)

7 Back Forty (The Ark)
The Amino Acids (The Blind Pig)

8 Copper Box (The Ark)

9 Jackie Greene (The Ark)

10 Jackie Greene (The Ark)
Angela Hewitt (UMS)

11 Kitty Donohoe (The Ark)
Luciana Souza Trio (UMS)
Lisa Landry (A2 Comedy Showcase)

12 Girlyman (The Ark)
Dead Again (The Blind Pig)

13 Jill Jack Band (The Ark)
The Bang! (The Blind Pig)
Lisa Landry (A2 Comedy Showcase)

14 Schubert Piano Trios (UMS)

17 **Béla Fleck (UMS)**
Mardi Gras Mambo (The Michigan Theater)
John Hammond, Jr. (The Ark)
Nightwatcher (The Blind Pig)

18 Marc Cohn (The Ark)
Zack Deputy (The Blind Pig)
Norm Stulz (A2 Comedy Showcase)

19 Terri Clark (The Ark)
Tortoise (The Blind Pig)

21 Blackthorn (The Ark)
Swedish Radio Choir (UMS)

22 Buckwheat Zydeco (The Ark)

23 Danielle Ate the Sandwich (The Ark)

24 Seth Walker (The Ark)
One.Be.Lo (The Blind Pig)

25 The Guggenheim Grotto (The Ark)
Fun. (The Blind Pig)
Dennis Blair (A2 Comedy Showcase)

27 Mustard's Retreat (The Ark)

28 Eclectica (The Ark)

March

3 Catie Curtis (The Ark)

4 Monte Montgomery (The Ark)
Greensky Bluegrass (The Blind Pig)

5 Howie Day & Serena Ryder (The Ark)

6 **Electric Six (The Blind Pig)**
Po' Girl (The Ark)

7 Richard Shindell (The Ark)

8 Scythian (The Ark)

9 **The Avett Brothers (The Michigan Theater)**
Tally Hall (The Blind Pig)

10 Horse Feathers (The Ark)

11 The Caravan of Thieves (The Ark)
Rubblebucket Orchestra (The Blind Pig)

12 Joe Henry (The Ark)
Jacob Rosen's Shark Week (The Bathroom)

13 The Band of Heathens (The Ark)
Cyro Baptista's Beat the Doney (UMS)

14 Lehto & Wright (The Ark)

17 **Wynton Marsalis (UMS)**

18 Grant-Lee Phillips (The Ark)
The Clientelle (The Blind Pig)

19 John Oates (The Ark)
San Francisco Symphony (UMS)

20 Jer Coons (The Ark)

23 Sweet Talk Radio & Carrie Elkin (The Ark)

24 ***Uncle Vanya* (UMS)**
Adrian Legg (The Ark)
That 1 Guy (The Blind Pig)
Chang-rae Lee (Borders)

25 Altan 25th Anniversary Tour (The Ark)
The Wall Clocks (The Blind Pig)

26 Paul Thorn (The Ark)

28 Gemini (The Ark)

30 Celtic Crossroads (The Ark)

31 Bitch (The Ark)

The *Gargoyle* Recommends...

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra at Hill Auditorium

January 27, 8:00 PM

Go get some fucking culture, you disgusting slob!

The 33rd Ann Arbor Folk Festival at The Michigan Theater

January 29-30, 6:30 PM

The Ark's renowned annual folk love-explosion promises to be another good one this year, with such artists as Jay Farrar & Ben Gibbard (of The Postal Service and Death Cab for Cutie), Iron and Wine, Rosanne Cash, Richie Havens, and Doc Watson making appearances.

Ladysmith Black Mambazo at Hill Auditorium

January 31, 4:00 PM

This canonical South African group has made an indelible mark on the history of twentieth century popular music, from Paul Simon to *The Lion King*. Also, there was a pretty good SNL sketch about them once.

The Bad Plus at Lydia Mendelssohn Theatre

February 4, 7:30, 9:00 PM

This Minnesota-based group combines jazz and pop/rock to awesome effect. They're described by *Rolling Stone* as "about as badass as highbrow gets" and by *The Guardian* as "if the Coen Brothers put together a jazz trio." Check these sweet honeys out.

Ralph Stanley & the Clinch Mt. Boys at The Ark

February 6, 8:00 PM

Ralph Stanley is one of the granddaddies of the surge in the popularity of folk music over the past few decades. He is known for his distinctive style of banjo playing and voice.

Béla Fleck: The Africa Project at Hill Auditorium

February 17, 8:00 PM

Fleck is another big name in the world of the banjo, and The Africa Project was an attempt to rediscover the instrument's roots.

Electric Six at The Blind Pig

March 6, 9:00 PM

Electric Six is not only a fantastic, rambunctious, insane Michigan-based band, but also a band the *Gargoyle* has interviewed. That interview is *within the very issue you are reading right now!* What better reason do you need? Well, if you haven't been convinced, go watch the video for their song "Gay Bar."

The Avett Brothers at the Michigan Theater

March 9, 7:30 PM

The North Carolina rock/country trio of The Avett Brothers have hit a popularity bubble in the past year and made the move from The Ark up to The Michigan Theater. Their live performances are absolutely energy-packed and thrillingly pure and entertaining. This show is not to be missed by any live music enthusiast.

Jazz at Lincoln Center Orchestra with Wynton Marsalis at Hill Auditorium

March 17, 8:00 PM

God, that's awesome. Seriously, it's Wynton Marsalis. He's really good buddies with one of the Jazz professors here. He is Wynton's "main man."

Uncle Vanya at the Power Center

March 24, 8:00 PM

Although the only correct way to perform *Uncle Vanya* is with the cast of *Doug*, any Russian play about an uncle coming to town and fucking stuff up has to be good.

HOW THE LAST DINO SAUR DIED.
BOOM!
I MUST BE THE LAST DINOSAUR ON EARTH!
AHGARROGAHR!
BY SAM NASH

Mandy Goldberg
Sophomore
Race and Ethnicity

Great title!

I am not racist because it's bad

As the great Martin Luther King said "Racism is bad because it hurts people. Like black people and Asian people and Mexicans and even white people sometimes." I think that this is true because when you are racist against someone that has a different skin color than you, it hurts their feelings. I am not racist for that reason. For example, if I were to be mean to someone because they were African-American, then they would probably be sad because they don't want to be treated differently just because of the color of their skin. This is true for people of all skin colors. And people that aren't white can be racist too. A person of African-American descent can be racist against someone of Mexican or Chinese descent. And based on my extensive research on the subject, I can confidently say that they would not want to be judged on the basis of their skin color either.

I never thought of it that way before!

You really went above and beyond!

Good quotes! Again, great research!

As the great Malcolm X once said, "It is very important not to be racist. That is all things that are bad, whereas not being racist it very very good." Although it is true that some people don't mean to be racist, that doesn't mean that they are not racist. But although this is true, I don't think that I am racist. For example, if I was a boss of a business and a black person and a white person were both applying for a job; I wouldn't not give the black person the job because they were black. I would give the person the job who had a better education and seemed less lazy. But that could be either the black person or the white person.

very insightful!

Nice!

In conclusion, I think that we should all be nice to each other, irregardless of what color their skin is. Just because someone's skin color is juxtaposed by someone else's skin color doesn't mean that either of the people should not like the other. All that should matter is there personality, and the things that they say.

A+

A very well thought-out and forward-thinking argument. Good job, Mandy!

Guy Davis Wins the Prize

Gargoyle chats up the artist and certified nice guy behind *B.P.R.D.* and *The Marquis*

By David Faulkner and Jacob Rosen

A decline in originality in Hollywood recently has diverted its attention to not only the classic superheroes such as Spiderman and Batman, but to the lesser known pages of comic books (V for Vendetta, Watchmen, Hellboy*). So in their time of need, the movie industry has turned to the man-children who used to draw themselves with laser eyes during math class, the graphic novelists. Truly comics are taking the entertainment industry by storm, and he who controls the comic spice controls the world. This being the case...*

The curtain rises and from darkness in walks Guy Davis. Davis has worked for almost every major comic publisher in the country: Marvel, DC, Darkhorse and countless others. Currently, he is working on the Hellboy *spinoff,* B.P.R.D., *with* Hellboy *creator Mike Mignola, and a personal project,* The Marquis, *a nightmarish tale set in 18th century France about devils and the nature of morality. We talked with him after meeting him at a signing at Vault of Midnight.*

DF: So, what's it like working with another author/illustrator like Mike Mignola? Do you ever come at odds over anything?

GD: No, no odds. I was friends with Mike before I started working on *B.P.R.D.* so we knew each other's work and we liked each other, so it wasn't like I was being brought into a screaming house and told "Get along with this writer and make it work!" It was all fine; *Hellboy* and *B.P.R.D.* are his creations and I'm flattered that he trusts me to play in them. So, first of all, I want everything I do to get his approval. I want him to enjoy it, I want him to like it. After that, I worry about editors and then about the fans, which sounds awful doesn't it?

DF: The fans?

GD: Yeah. Well, you want the fans to buy it! You don't want to kill it. But I always want Mike to be happy with what I'm doing on it first, and he's very easygoing. He's never like, "Draw like me," and that kind of mentality. He's like "Do what you want to do." So he's great to work with. We work together a lot on all the *B.P.R.D.* designs, [which] Mike oversees. I'll spend an hour or so drawing some design and be like "This is great!" and Mike will be like "How about this idea?" and it's always the perfect route to go and has me hitting my head saying, "Oh man, why didn't I think of that?"

DF: You're a self-taught artist. Do you think that having formal training would have been helpful?

GD: I don't know. It's hard to think retroactively. Education as it was back then, I think, would have ruined my imagination, but I think a lot of it depends on the artist. I mean, I was disciplined enough to look for faults and try to work through them, and I still do. But if you go at it and think whatever you're doing is fine and you don't really learn from your faults, you're going to become stale and not grow as an artist or improve. And while school can teach a lot about craft, it can't teach imagination or drive and I think that's one of the most important things for an artist to have. Nowadays I see all these younger artists starting out and they're starting out running, and their stuff looks professional. I wish I was doing what they are doing at eighteen or nineteen. Some are students and some are self-taught—so I really think it's more a matter of each artist and what they do with their talent. I don't think school is any more a sure bet for success over just working hard at it yourself—but then, not having gone to art school, I'm biased.

> "I don't think school is any more a sure bet for success over just working hard at it yourself—but then, not having gone to art school, I'm biased."

DF: What got you started in drawing comics?

GD: I don't know. I didn't really collect comics growing up. I mean, my dad would bring me some *Spirit* magazines and *Electric Company Spiderman*. I think that the first comic book that I collected was a *Space 1999* comic. I think Charlton was doing this magazine of *Space 1999,* which was a science fiction show from the seventies that I was hooked on. And I collected it because I liked the show. And in the seventies when *Star Wars* came out, Marvel started doing

Star Wars, and I collected it because I liked *Star Wars* or *Star Trek*, *Gold Key*, you know, things like that. But when I grew up—and I'm going to sound like an old man here, "You know, when I was younger!"—there was no cable, no computers, no Pong, you know, nothing. So to entertain myself when there was nothing on TV, I would draw out what I wanted to be seeing. I would basically take a sheet of typewriter paper and said "Okay, here's Ultraman fighting a monster, and then on the next page the monster gets the upper hand, and in the next page…" and in a way that was kind of sequential, but it was just drawing one image, you know it was just for fun. So that probably planted the seed of drawing sequentially. And then when I graduated, knowing that I wanted to do art, but I didn't want to do commercial art, so I thought "Hey, why not try comics?"

DF: Do you have a particular project that you've enjoyed the most?

GD: I would say that I'm lucky that right now with what I'm doing, I mean, doing *B.P.R.D.* is just a joy. I could've never imagined drawing that or anything in Mike's world. I tell him that I hope that's the book I retire on, years from now. And I get to do *The Marquis,* which is a personal project, so I'm lucky enough to do that.

And I've done some stuff for *Humanoids in France* called *Zombies Ate the World*, which is a very tongue-in-cheek sort of black comedy type of monster thing. So those three are a nice mix. I get to do something cartoony with zombies, something dark with *The Marquis* and something adventuresome and fun with *B.P.R.D.* So my answer is that my favorite book is those three! And I also don't want to piss anybody off. Mike'll be like "Oh, you like *The Marquis* better, do you?"

DF: Do you think cinematically when you're laying out panels?

GD: Yeah, because I watched a lot of movies as a kid and I would notice certain things that way. So I think that comes into a lot of how I pace and layout *The Marquis*. I'd always want to cut the scene as you turn the page, which reminded me of the wipes they do in films, where one scene would wipe into another scene so I always try to pace it so that the scene would change as you turn the page.

"As far as manga goes...there's a lot of it that's good and a lot that's pretty boring-looking."

DF: How do you feel about the comics industry these days? Do you have any complaints?

GD: No, you know, I'm lucky to be working with Dark Horse. I've worked with Marvel and DC and a lot of other companies big and small and I'd have to say that Dark Horse is my favorite so far. But the industry has definitely grown a lot since I started, which is great—but then that means that there's more competition—which sucks. So luckily, I like to think that I've carved a small niche for myself, that I can do the work that I do and continue doing it. But it's great seeing all the different artists, up and coming, all the work that they're doing is inspiring.

DF: Do you think superhero movies have been good for the industry?

GD: I would think so. It probably brings people more into shops, talking about comics more. It's more mainstream. Now whether people coming into comic book stores to pick up *Ironman* movie books and stuff are going to pick up *The Marquis* or *B.P.R.D.*, I don't know. I mean, *Hellboy* helped *B.P.R.D.* a lot, you know, tie-ins and stuff.

DF: What do you think of all those mangas coming into the US?

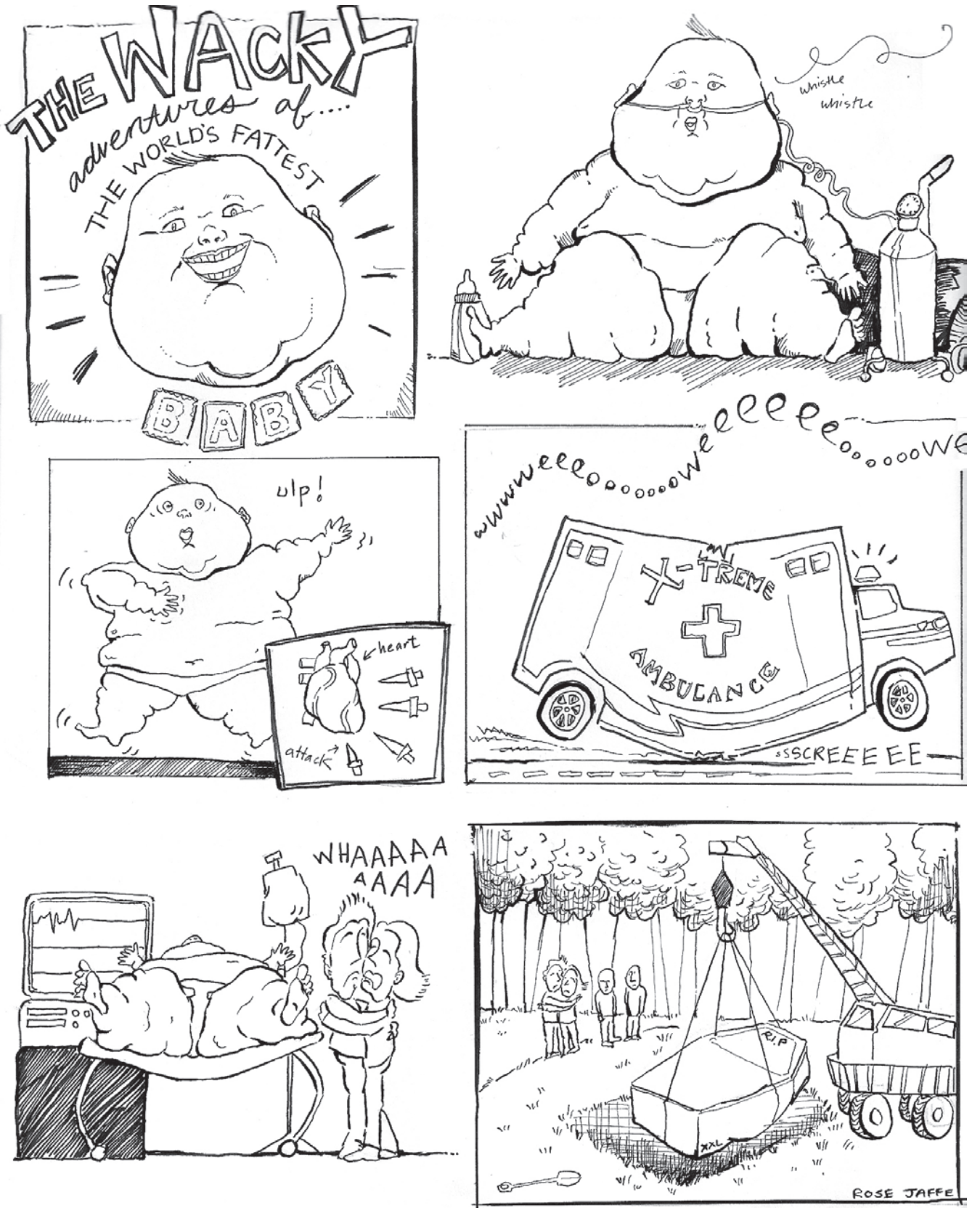
GD: Well the first thing I did was a book was called *The Realm* back in 1985 and I was drawing in a Japanese style. Well, it wasn't called manga to a lot of people back then, just "Japanimation" because of the cartoon show look, but I liked that style. It was different and unique and I was drawing a fantasy book in that style with the pointy hair and the weird noses. It's all angular and people hated it. They were like, "Why are you drawing like this? Don't draw like this. Don't waste your time on this. Just learn to draw." And if I'd stayed on it, I'd be ahead of the game. But I changed my style as I went along to what I'm currently doing.

But as far as manga goes, I guess it's like anything: I think that there's a lot of it that's good and a lot that's pretty boring-looking, but if it makes the kid read and introduces them to comics, then there's nothing wrong with that. I mean, I don't read really any of it right now. I read *Lone Wolf* and I read *Akira* and things like that. But there's so much of it, I can't keep up with it. But there's nothing wrong with manga itself.

DF: How do you feel like the Internet is affecting the industry? Is it good, bad?

GD: I don't know. I mean, I promote *The Marquis* online with Facebook and Twitter and stuff, and I think that's good. I read some online strips. As far as an actual printed book, I guess I'd rather have it in hand to read wherever I wanted—but I don't think there's anything wrong with having it online first and then printed later. I don't think right now it should be a worry that one format will kill another—maybe in the future that will be a worry for large-cranium space-kids, but right now I think you can have both. Whatever gets the stories out there for people to read and also gives an artist and writer a venue to tell those stories is fine by me.

To read more of this interview, hit us up at www.gargmag.com!


THE WACKY
adventures of....
THE WORLD'S FATTEST
BABY
whistle
whistle
ulp!
heart
attack
wwwweeee

"SKIN TO WIN" Photo Contest

Win *Gargoyle* t-shirts, prints, and stickers just by showing off a little of what you were born with!

The *Gargoyle* is hosting a photo contest!

The guidelines are simple: Just strip down to your birthday suit and cover up your nonsense organs with a copy of the magazine! While we will not print photos showing off visible tits 'n' dix, you should still make a valiant effort to show off as much as your filthy, sinful flesh as possible. While **all qualifying photos submitted will be published in the next issue of the Gargoyle** (the end of March), only one winning photo will be selected.

Extra points will be awarded for the following:

- Magnitude of Nudity
- Group Shots
- Public Nudity
- Shamelessness
- Shamefulness
- Creativity

To enter, simply fill out the release form at the bottom of this page and send it, along with your photos, to

gargmail@umich.edu

or

The Gargoyle
420 Maynard
Ann Arbor, MI 48104

Photos will NOT be published online or released elsewhere whatsoever, nor kept digitally or in any other form whatsoever after the printing of the next issue, and names and contact information will NOT be attached to any of the published photos (although if you request otherwise, that would be BITCHIN'). Blur out faces if you so desire, or request that we do it for you!

Gargoyle Photograph Release Form

I hereby grant to *Gargoyle Humor Magazine* the right and permission to use the photograph(s) I have given them only for the purpose of this competition.

I hereby release and discharge *Gargoyle Humor Magazine* from any and all claims and demands arising out of or in connection with the use of the photographs, including any and all claims for libel or invasion of privacy.

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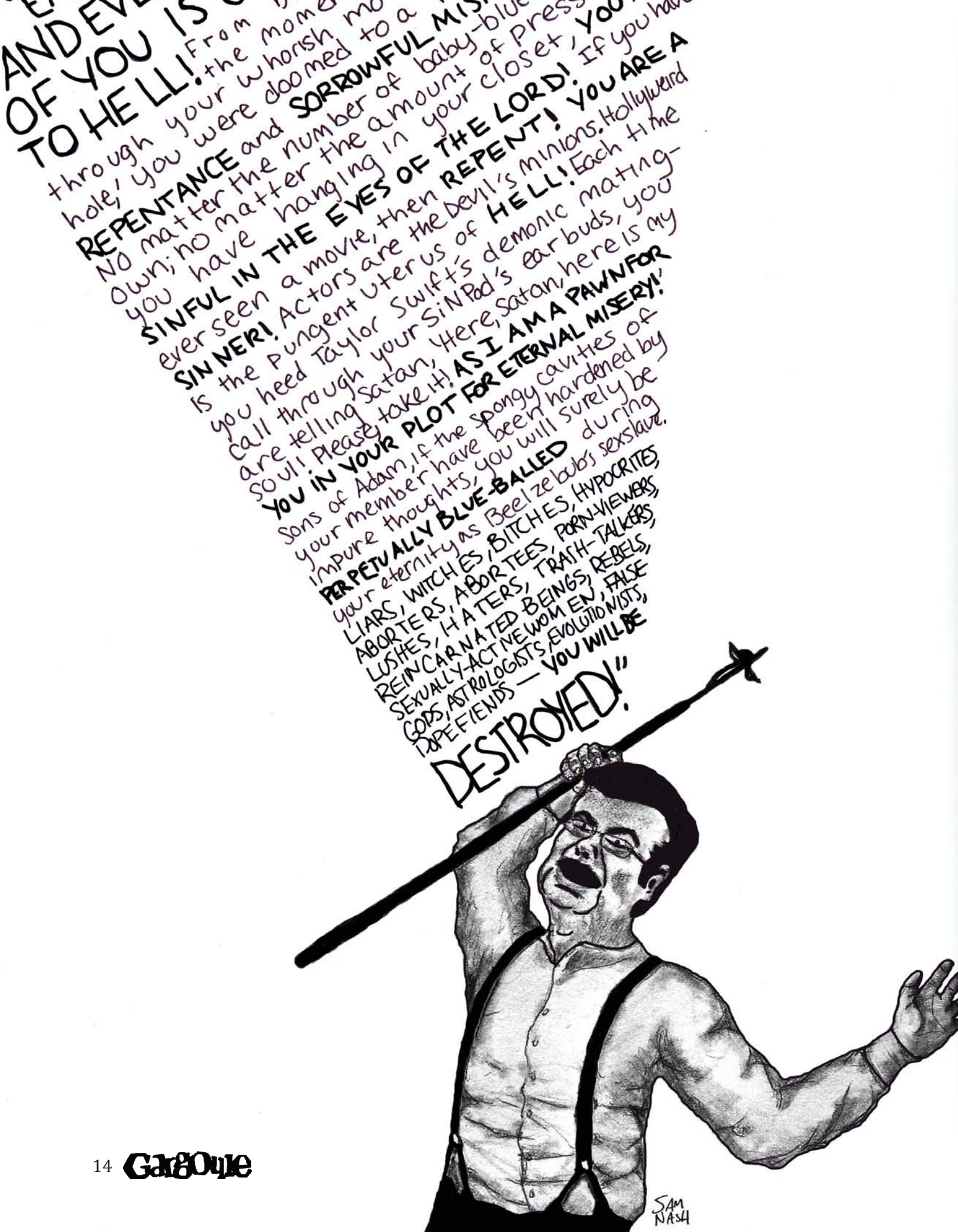

AND EVE
OF YOU IS
TO HELL! From
through your whorish mo
hole, you were doomed to a
REPENTANCE and SORROWFUL MIS
No matter the number of baby-blue
own; no matter the amount of press
you have hanging in your closet, YOU
SINFUL IN THE EYES OF THE LORD! If you have
ever seen a movie, then REPENT! YOU ARE A
SINNER! Actors are the Devil's minions. Hollyweird
is the pungent uterus of HELL! Each time
you heed Taylor Swift's demonic mating-
call through your SiNPod's earbuds, you
are telling Satan, Here, Satan, here is my
soul! Please take it! AS I AM A PAWN FOR
YOU IN YOUR PLOT FOR ETERNAL MISERY!
Sons of Adam, if the spongy cavities of
your member have been hardened by
impure thoughts, you will surely be
PERPETUALLY BLUE-BALLED during
your eternity as Beelzebub's sexslave.
LIARS, WITCHES, BITCHES, HYPOCRITES,
ABORTERS, ABORTEES, PORN-VIEWERS,
LUSHES, HATERS, TRASH-TALKERS,
REINCARNATED BEINGS, REBELS,
SEXUALLY-ACTIVE WOMEN, FALSE
GODS, ASTROLOGISTS, EVOLUTIONISTS,
DOPE FIENDS — YOU WILL BE
DESTROYED!"
SAM NASH

A Story in the Second Person

By Peter Eldred

You are watching *Full House*. John Stamos and/or his wife has aroused you. You are aroused because of John Stamos and/or his wife. It's time for you to go upstairs. You lock the bathroom door. You prepare. The candles are beneath the sink. They smell of lavender and fear. You must not be discovered.

Your pants are on the floor. You begin to rub your penis and/or clitoris. It becomes larger and/or stays the same size. You sure are aroused. From John Stamos and/or his wife. His wife in the show is Lori Loughlin, by the way. But you could be thinking of Rebecca Romijn. She is a cutie too. This is a good time for you, isn't it? You know it is.

Your mother wants to know if you're hungry. You aren't hungry.

"I'm not hungry, mother," you yell.

You might be a little hungry once the deed is done. You know you should hurry. It isn't going to get any better. You quicken your pace. You're grunting and sweating from exertion. You begin to hum "Talk Dirty to Me" by Poison. God, you love Poison. "Fallen Angel" is next up in your queue.

You're done. It feels good. You clean up your mess and/or don't clean up your mess. Now you're sad.

You go back to finish watching *Full House*. The episode is over. Another has started.

First Love

By Ben Schlanger

For the first time in my life, I have experienced the magic of a Valentine's Day spent in the arms of one whom I truly loved. In years past, I had cursed this day as an artificial ritual of forced affection and capitalism. This year was different. This year, I'd actually found someone.

I had to have everything in order. I'd transformed my dining room into the ultimate romantic setting, putting great care into every detail. The lights were dimmed, candles were lit. Barry White played in the background. The table was clean, the paper plates were set nicely, the grape juice was chilled, and the two Celeste pizzas were cooked to perfection. Dressed in my Sunday best and with my hair neatly in dreadlocks, I went upstairs to fetch my love.

As my eyes adjusted to the darkness of the attic, her beautiful face slowly began to shine through the blackness, her porcelain skin seeming to glow like the full moon. With a bit of effort, I was able to help her get to her feet, and after a few minutes and several clumsy falls, we successfully made our way down to the dining room.

I had first met Macy about eight months ago at a nearby bridal shop. I never used to believe in love at first sight—lust, maybe, but not true, enduring love. But from the moment I first laid eyes on that angel, I knew with all my heart and with all my soul that this was the woman I would one day marry. Her countenance held graceful composure and an inviting smile, yet also the strong focus of a woman with a good head on her shoulders, so to speak. Her womanly figure, ensconced in a wedding dress, would not have looked out of place alongside Aphrodite and her Italian sister Venus. That same wedding dress, though now a bit worn and tattered in places, was perfect attire for the evening—the most romantic evening of my life.

Unfortunately, the night did not begin as magically as I had anticipated. From the start, my significant other was not particularly lively. She was a poor conversationalist, never responding and rarely even acknowledging my words. Though her face was just as beautiful as I had remembered, her expression was unchanging and began to seem insincere, devoid of any true emotion or perhaps simply hiding ones she wished not to reveal. I grew particularly concerned when I noticed that she had not taken a single bite of her Zesty Four-Cheese pizza.

Somewhat disheartened by her apathy during dinner, I suggested some dancing. This did not fare much better. She was a stiff dancer, often dragging her feet on the floor, and she never once took the lead, displaying much the same awkward passivity as she had displayed during dinner.

Despite all this, it was still the most romance I had ever experienced, and Macy was the closest thing I've ever had to a lover. Absorbed in the moment, I leaned in to kiss her. But horror of horrors, the moment my lips met hers, her head fell backwards and rolled from her shoulders, landing on the floor with a sickening thud. As I stood there in shock, her body fell from my arms and hit the ground with such force that it dislodged her arms from her torso. Aghast, I called 911. When the paramedics arrived and saw the horrifying scene, instead of giving her the medical attention she so desperately needed, they simply stood above her, snickering. One of them took out his cell phone and snapped a picture of her lifeless body, smirking all the while. Bastard. Another sterner-looking paramedic cruelly reprimanded me in my moment of greatest weakness.

"Look kid, we have real emergencies to deal with. Right now there could be someone slowly dying in his wrecked automobile, and he's not gonna get the help he needs because we're here playing fucking games with some sick teenager and a mannequin! Think about that the next time you want to play a prank."

With that, the paramedics left, billing me $600 for the "false alarm," and abandoning my Macy. At that moment, as my beloved lay in pieces on the floor, I finally understood how Romeo felt upon seeing his Juliet in the tomb. However, unlike that coward, I managed to pull myself together and do the responsible thing—I rearranged her as best I could, dragged her out to my backyard, buried her, picked some flowers from my neighbor's garden, and laid them on her unmarked grave. I went to bed bawling my eyes out, mourning the loss of my first, and perhaps last, true love.

DICK VALENTINE
A Comedy of Errors

By David Faulkner and Joe Sipka

Dick Valentine is surprisingly patient when we first fuck up the phone call. The speakerphone isn't picking up our voices, but we can hear him say "hello" about five or six times, and he still doesn't hang up. We pick up the receiver and explain that we're struggling with mid-eighties technology and ask him for a moment while we figure things out. A few more moments' battle with the phone yields no improvement and we resign ourselves to holding the recorder up to the receiver and taking turns with questions. It's difficult at first, as we learn the maximum distance that we can be from the phone that won't return a call for us to repeat the question. At some point, Joe refers to our phone affectionately as a "janky-ass rig," soliciting laughs from Valentine.

The whole affair quickly devolves into a Q and A session, which is fine, because neither of us have ever interviewed anyone, much less the esteemed front man of one of our favorite bands. The heuristic helps us restrain our excitement as it repeatedly dawns on us that we're talking to the *Dick Valentine. To be fair, he doesn't really give us too much to get wild about. Talking to Dick Valentine is unbelievably difficult because one expects him to be as wild and entertaining as his band and their music. The reality is that he's just a humble, amicable, Detroit native with a razor wit and a fantastic job. He's a hell of a singer, but his ultra-masculine growl is reserved for the stage. On the phone, he sounds a bit like Joe.*

We start with the difficult questions.

"I got an English degree from LS&A, so it didn't really prepare me for anything."

JS: Is it "The Electric Six" or "Electric Six?"

DV: I believe it is "Electric Six", though I am guilty of saying "The Electric Six" every now and then myself. I'm not going to take you to court for saying it one way or the other.

JS: That's very good to hear.

DV: Do you want to go to court? I'll take you to court if you want. I thought you might like abuse. I'm a people pleaser. If you want me to abuse you, I'll abuse you.

JS: I think there are few better things that I could ask for than being abused by the Electric Six, especially Dick Valentine.

Try not to creep the man out, Joe. We've got two pages left to fill.

JS: How do you write so much music so quickly? It feels like you were just touring for "Flashy."

DV: We put out an album then we tour.

We see things, we talk to people, we have conversations, and that leads to more music.

DF: We somehow we gleaned the information that you are a U of M alum. Can you confirm this?

DV: Yeah I am, I graduated in '94.

DF: Would you say that college was worth it?

DV: I got an English degree from LS&A, so it didn't really prepare me for anything, really. But that having been said, after four years at Berkeley High School it was nice on a social level to be at U of M and experience life where you're not getting beat up by stoners every day. Also, I worked a lot. I drove the bus, you know, the campus buses. I learned how to multitask. I took 16 credits and worked 40 hours a week. I had to have a work ethic and learn how to survive on not a lot of sleep.

DF: But aside from that…

DV: My parents and my parents' friends at the time, they were kind of stuck in this bygone era: all you've got to do is get sheet from U of M and you can write your own ticket and I was led to believe that all you had to do was get that diploma from U of M and then I'd be running a Fortune 500 company or something. There was a real stark reality when I graduated. My first job was washing dishes at a bagel café, and I was like, "Where's my ticket?" So yeah, if I have kids and send them to school I would strongly urge them to go into something tangible like engineering or computer programming rather than something like English, or film, or something like that. Because then you know you can do all that stuff on your own.

The Gargoyle would like to thank all of our classmates and readers pursuing useless degrees. You know who you are.

"I thought you might like abuse. I'm a people-pleaser; if you want me to abuse you, I'll abuse you."

DF: So you did go to U of M and Gargoyle is a U of M publication. Did you ever hear of it during your tenure here? Would you be willing to admit that you have actually read the Gargoyle?

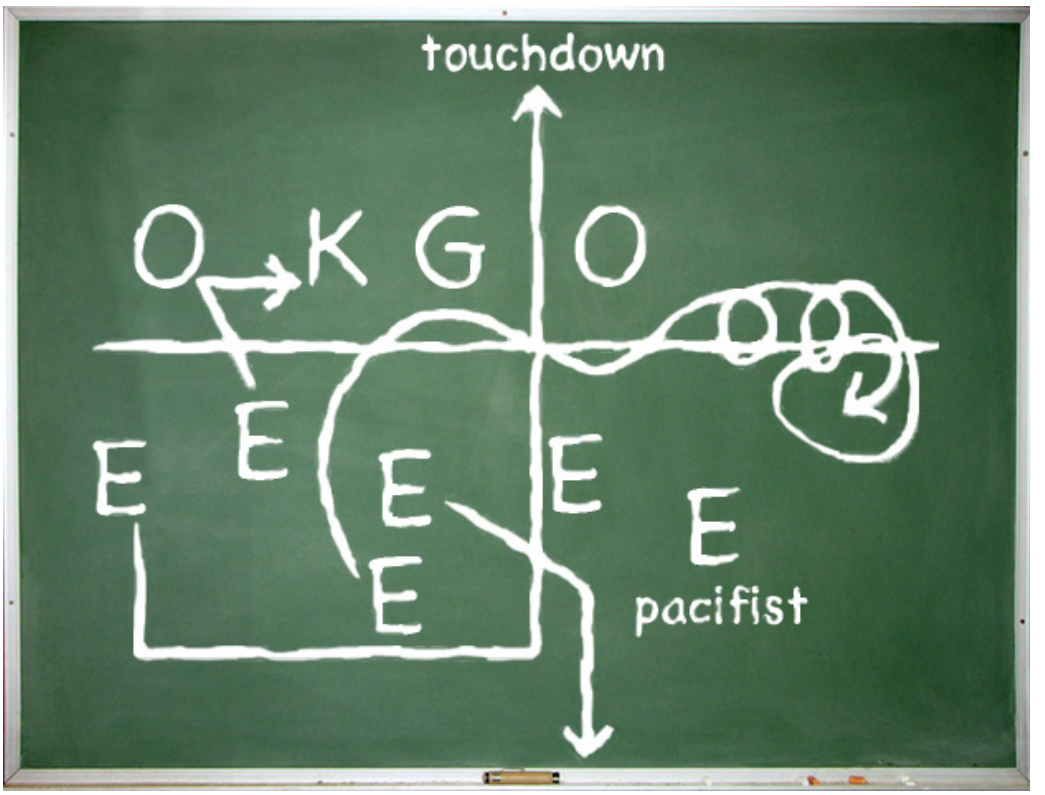
DV: I think I have, yeah. I've read and picked up a lot of things so I mean I believe I've spent some time [reading it].

JS: So do you prefer large or small venues for shows?

DV: Oh it depends, I mean some small places are a great places to play, you have a great time. It depends more on the backstage arrangements rather than front of house. We've had experiences when we played for like a thousand people and backstage they give you like a six-pack of Miller Lite and expect you to have a good time with that. And then other time you play at a small venue and they bring in like Martha Stewart catering or something. We kind of look at it from a catering perspective.

JS: How are weddings from a catering perspective? I understand you've played a few of those.

DV: We've done a few. That's a fun thing to do. It's very low pressure, you get paid very well, and you have a built in audience, they're paying to have you there more than a regular gig would. So it's a fun time, and it's a great op-



Play: "The Detroit Edge"

portunity.

We here at The Gargoyle plan to pool our resources so that we can afford to have the Electric Six play at our mass wedding.

DF: Do you come up with the ideas for your music videos yourselves as a band or do you go to a director?

"You can find a lot of chocolate shaped things and sculpture endeavors in Switzerland."

DV: It depends on the video. Like the "Formula 409" video and the "McDonnelzzz" video were kind of band-generated ideas and then the majority of them were kind of in line with the particular director.

DF: Your "Gay Bar" music video is easily your most famous—how on Earth did that ever happen, and how much fun was that to make?

DV: The "Gay Bar" video? It actually wasn't a lot of fun to make. We did it at the tail end of a six-week US tour and I just had nothing left in the tank. There were a lot of shots packed into a 24-hour period; it was a very, very, busy time, a lot of costume changes and no real breaks in there. And it was literally a 24 hour shoot, because, you know union stipulations, the crew could work only in a 24 hour period otherwise you had to pay them double, so it was kind of like cramming in all these shots, basically shooting from like 6 AM to 6 AM. So it was like a long drawn out process, and it was probably the closest thing I've ever had to a nervous breakdown, that video shoot.

David is so ashamed of himself for having brought up these painful memories that he leaves the room to flagellate himself before his Dick Valentine shrine, leaving Joe to continue the interview.

JS: We interviewed OK Go recently. Do you think that Electric Six could take them in a fight?

DV: Um, aren't there like four of them?

JS: Yes.

DV: Yeah, then odds are yes, just by numbers.

JS: Numerical superiority and your Detroit edge.

DV: Yeah, we do have the edge. That's a good way of phrasing it.

David, half-naked and bleeding, returns and sits next to Joe, oblivious to the fact that his blood is ruining a perfectly good office chair.

DF: Where can we find a Chocolate Pope? Switzerland, possibly?

DV: You could. You can find a lot of chocolate shaped things and sculpture endeavors in Switzerland. I don't know how they feel about the current Pope. We were there recently, and I really didn't have any conversations about it, but I can see—you know the current Pope speaks German, and the primary language in Switzerland is German, so there could be that connection.

"Chocolate Pope" is the name of an Electric Six song and, given the earnest response by Dick Valentine, presumably a real thing.

"It's a song about death, but it's also a song about Domino Farms."

DF: So you've said in past interviews that a lot of your music isn't about anything in particular, but at the Blind Pig you did comment that the song "Green Building" is about Domino Farms. What's so great about Domino Farms?

DV: I mean, I drive by that at night all the time, or I used to more frequently, but it's a really impressive building at night and I had always kind of equated it with death, you know. So you know, it's a song about death, but it's also a song about Domino Farms.

DF: That's not a connection that I think a lot of people would make.

DV: Yeah to some degree. I felt like it was very Ann Arbor song. It's got that rotation.

DF: And as a follow up to that song, who is Randy and how is he so hot tonight?

DV: That has nothing to do with anything. We were just trying to think of the most harmless name that you could think of for someone to be hot tonight. I think Gary came in there as well. It's just about a guy who needed some self confidence.

DF: A good friend of mine is named Randy and I've got to tell you, it's a confidence boosting song for him.

DV: I like that name. It's a great name.

Formal Report:

The successes of the interview were many, chiefly among which were that despite the ineptitude of the interviewers, no animals were harmed, no buildings were inflamed, and all parties retained full use of their thumbs. The failures, regrettably, were too numerous to be mentioned here. Suffice to say, we failed at being the radio station that Dick Valentine was expecting to call him for a live interview. We like to think that with time and experience, we could become that radio station. Possibly through some kind of biological transmutation process or something. We don't know, we're not fucking scientists.

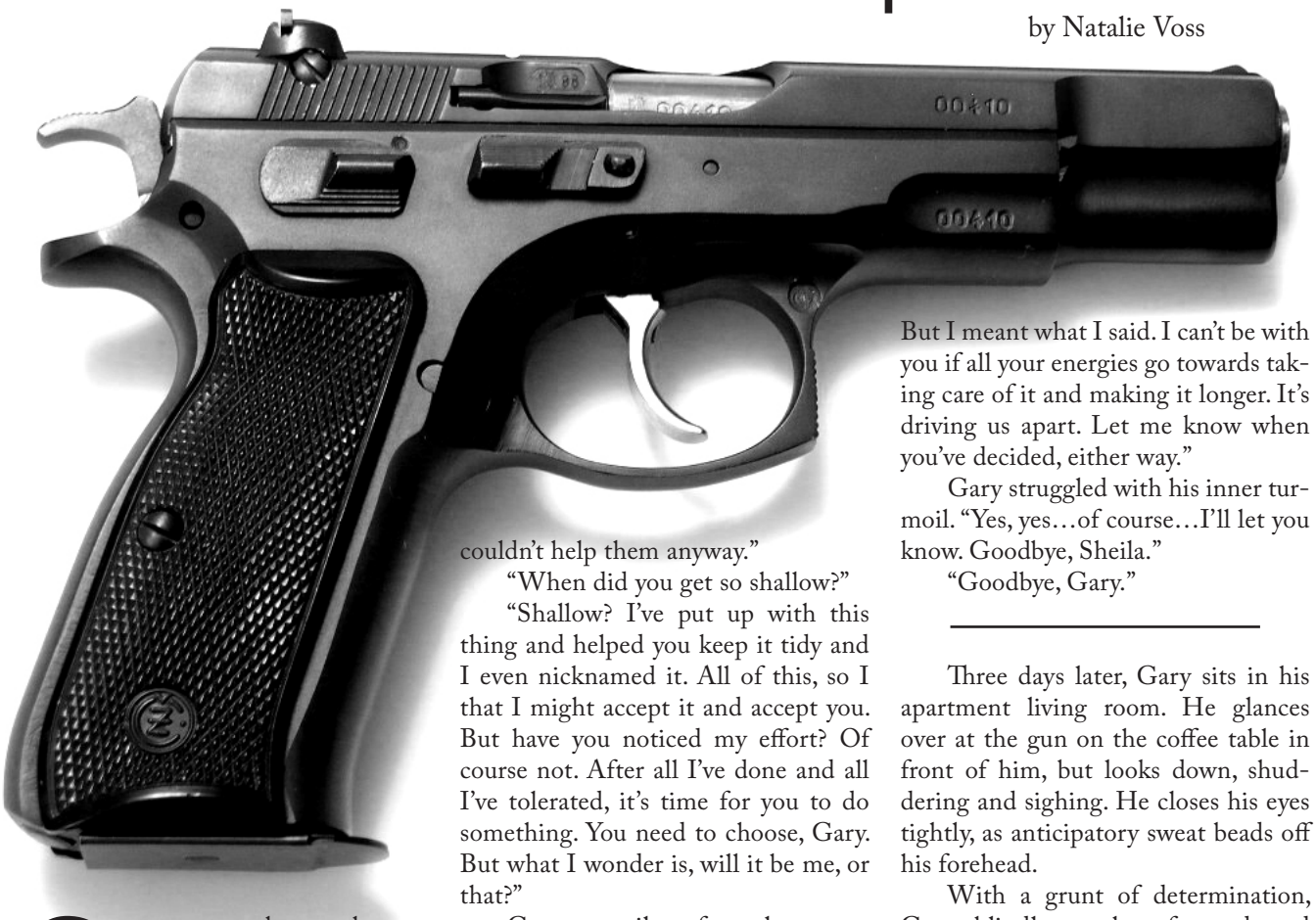
To read more of this interview, hit us up at www.gargmag.com!

The Continuing Adventures of Sickly Peter

Part Three, In Which Sickly Peter and Hermie the Hermit Crab Have A Bonding Experience

The Curious Case of Benjamin Button

by Natalie Voss



Gary was on the couch once more. In his lap was a woman known as Sheila. The same Sheila, in fact, that he'd dated in high school. Now in his mid twenties, Gary felt supremely pleased with himself at the way his life had turned out thus far. Accordingly, he was quite surprised to hear the next words out of Sheila's lips.

"Gary, I can't do this anymore."

"What are you talking about, Sheila?"

"This! It's getting ridiculous. I feel like I can't even go out in public with you anymore."

Gary sighed, realizing Sheila was not going to let this go easily.

"Hey, what happened to the girl I knew in high school? The one that loved me even when I went through my faux hawk, pizza face and herpes phase? What happened to her?"

"What do those matter? Those things are easy to love. And you couldn't help them anyway."

"When did you get so shallow?"

"Shallow? I've put up with this thing and helped you keep it tidy and I even nicknamed it. All of this, so I that I might accept it and accept you. But have you noticed my effort? Of course not. After all I've done and all I've tolerated, it's time for you to do something. You need to choose, Gary. But what I wonder is, will it be me, or that?"

Gary was silent for a long moment.

"Gary?"

"…Do you know what you're asking of me?"

Sheila sighed, "Gary, I've put so much time into this relationship. I think I'm allowed to demand some sacrifices on your side."

"But, Sheila. This takes away what makes me a man. It's like, ending my masculinity, destroying my manhood! How could you even love me after that?"

She cupped his cheek tenderly. "Gary, I love you for you. Not for what hangs off your body. Of course you'll always be a man, especially to me."

Gary looked at her with shock, afraid of what was inevitably to come next.

There was a pregnant pause.

Sheila's eyes hardened. "I'll give you some time to think about it, Gary. But I meant what I said. I can't be with you if all your energies go towards taking care of it and making it longer. It's driving us apart. Let me know when you've decided, either way."

Gary struggled with his inner turmoil. "Yes, yes…of course…I'll let you know. Goodbye, Sheila."

"Goodbye, Gary."

Three days later, Gary sits in his apartment living room. He glances over at the gun on the coffee table in front of him, but looks down, shuddering and sighing. He closes his eyes tightly, as anticipatory sweat beads off his forehead.

With a grunt of determination, Gary blindly reaches forward and feels the cold grip of his pistol. He whispers a goodbye to the object of his affection, pulls the end taut, and places the barrel at the base.

Moments later, Gary is left sobbing on the living room floor, holding the pieces of his beloved. The pain enfolds him entirely, but he knows he has made the right choice. He can't lose Sheila, no matter what.

He pulls himself together, knowing that she is due to arrive any moment to hear his final decision. He wipes the tears from his face and puts the gun away. Limping from emotional and physical pain to the bathroom he cleans himself up and attempts to make himself presentable.

The doorbell rings. Staggering over, Gary answers the door. Sheila looks up at him, astonished. "Oh, Gary! You did it! You got rid of that horrible mustache! You do love me!"

The Rise of the Vegetarians

By Michael Stephens

My fellow citizens, heed my exclamation! I bear tidings of a terrible tragedy that lingers just beyond the horizon. The harbingers of the end of the American way of life are positioned on our borders. They have begun to infiltrate the American populace, and if they are not promptly halted they shall overrun us completely.

Perchance your virgin ears have not been tainted by the cacophonous reverberation that is their appellation. They have christened themselves "vegetarians."

They purport to be nothing but a lifestyle peaceably advocating the abnegation of the consumption of byproducts of members of the kingdom *animalia*. But my countrymen, be not deceived by their pretense! I have borne witness to the truth! This moniker is an acronym for the Very Evil Group Endeavoring To Attack, Rape, & Infest All Nations.

They are a consortium of ne'er-do-wells and miscreants who strive to decimate America as we know it. And they will do so, my kinsmen, if they are not impeded.

We must undertake safeguarding procedures immediately. I am capable of procuring scientific, societal, political, theological, psychological, philosophical, and even mathematical evidence to substantiate my allegations. Together, we can stop them before they succeed!

Why do you not hearken to my discourse? Mayhap I articulate too eloquently for my divergence to be received by the ears of the masses. Thus, allow me to convert to the vernacular:

They're coming to get us, man. It's the vegetarians. They're evil, man. They're really terrorists, man. We should've known. They wanna take over the whole world, man. It's a conspiracy, man. The government's in on it, man. Making vegetables bigger than meat on the food pyramid. Giving veggie farmers subsidies to keep growing vegetables. Electing a black president. They're just pawns of the vegetarians, man. And the media's in their grasp too, man. They turned cookie monster into veggie monster. Veggie monster, man! How can you not see that that's vegetarian propaganda?

They came from Asia, man. We should've known, man. Those damn Asians took everything else from us, man. Our jobs. Our money. We should've known that they'd destroy our way of life, man.

And California, man, they welcomed them with open arms, of course. California welcomes everyone with open arms. Y'know how they call them the golden state? Yeah, well, guess what else is golden? Corn, man. Yeah, California's in on it too.

Why do you think they gave everybody all that pot back in the sixties? 'Cause vegetarians love plants, man. Marijuana just makes 'em that much stronger. We should've known, man.

So now the vegetarians have spies in every nook and cranny of America and every orifice of America's women, man. Y'know that term, "cornhole?" Yeah, guess where that came from? Corn, man. And cornrows? Who do you think invented those?

It all ties back to corn, man.

Every single thing that could possibly tie back to corn does.

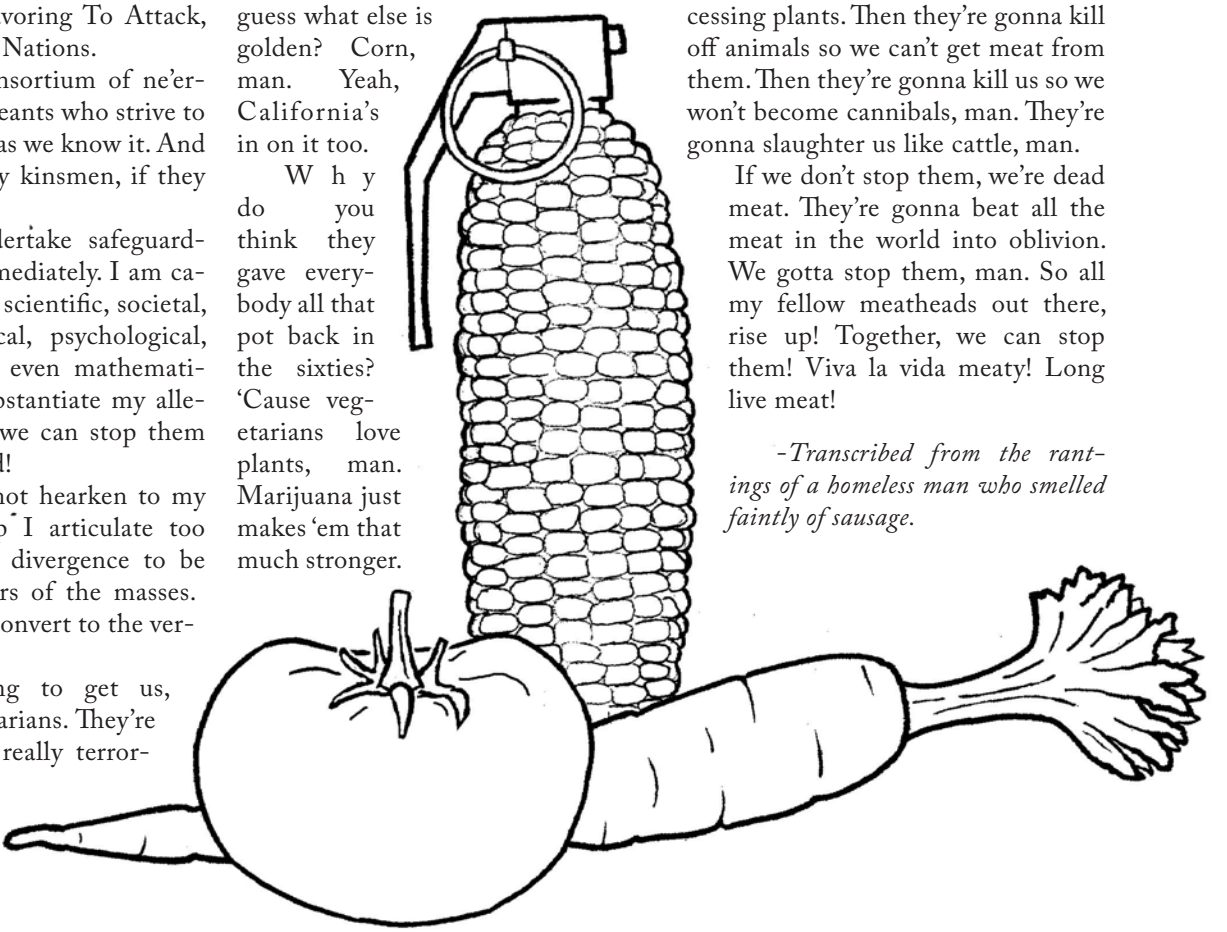
The vegetarians have roots in India, and corn was first brought to the colonists by "Indians." Corn comes in "kernels," which is like, "colonels," like the colonel of an army, man. Corn's the key to all of it, man. It's the source of their power, man.

We should've known, man.

We have to act now, before it's too late, man. If we don't stop 'em, they're gonna take over, man. First they're gonna destroy the meat-processing plants. Then they're gonna kill off animals so we can't get meat from them. Then they're gonna kill us so we won't become cannibals, man. They're gonna slaughter us like cattle, man.

If we don't stop them, we're dead meat. They're gonna beat all the meat in the world into oblivion. We gotta stop them, man. So all my fellow meatheads out there, rise up! Together, we can stop them! Viva la vida meaty! Long live meat!

-Transcribed from the rantings of a homeless man who smelled faintly of sausage.



Dreams of Our Fathers

Wisdom and musings from the men who helped raise the *Gargoyle* staff

What's the most recent fight you've been in?
I was about 23 years old, two kids came in and started assaulting the police officer in the library and I came to his assistance…put a chokehold on the kid and was ready to put him out. It wasn't a fight when the kids tried to steal my car…I just put a gun up to their head.
- *Mr. Tomchuk*
Tuesday. It's the damn cat's fault.
- *James Sipka Sr.*

When did you learn how to weld?
From my father at sixteen.
- *Mr. Todd Laverne Eldred*
I don't know how to weld. My father never taught me.
- *Duane VandenBrink*

When did you learn the name of every Michigan highway (M-road)?
When I was eighteen and took a vacation with Bill Retluski. Me and him, our '61 Chevy Impala, and a trunk full of Stroh's beer. - *Bob Beauvais*

Where were you when Patrick Swazye died?
At my pottery class.
- *Mark Reagan Voss*
Is he the same person as Kurt Russell?
- *Larry Donaldson*

What did you learn from your father?
I learned to be honest and to get in the first punch.
- *Chris Kermath*
At a certain age, everything is black and white. And it is not that hard to know which is right. [I realized it was true] around forty something, when I had three or four kids. Grey is only stuff you put into it.
- *Bob Beauvais*

Which was the greatest war?
World War Two. - *Consensus*
I am not a huge fan of slavery, but the Civil War from the Southern view for state's rights. - *Bob Beauvais*

What color do you think of when you think of me?
Ivory.
–Mr. Todd Laverne Eldred

Is it okay for a man to cry?
Absolutely. - *Consensus*

When is it okay to lady-cross your legs?
It's only okay if your knee hurts when you do the man cross.
- *Chris Kermath*
When my head is not in the way. Oh... sorry. Misread the question.
-Mark Reagan Voss

Do you have a feminine side?
Yes. I like *The Ghost Whisperer*.
- *Mr. Todd Laverne Eldred*

When is it okay to tuck your t-shirt into your blue jeans?
I tuck all the time. Untucking our shirts in middle school was radical.
- *Duane VandenBrink*

What do you regret?
Chugging life, instead of sipping.
- *Mark Reagan Voss*
Not living more in the moment when you were children.
- *Mr. Todd Laverne Eldred*

Ever been to Louisville?
Yes. 1993. Went to the Louisville Slugger factory.
- *James Sipka Sr.*
Several times. Practically lived there in 1996.
- *Larry Donaldson*

Have you had your Groundhog's Day?
Oh yeah. Every day in Afghanistan.
- *Mark Reagan Voss*

Have you ever questioned your faith?
When they started outsourcing the priesthood [to] third-world countries.
- *Larry Donaldson*

How many roads must a man walk down?
For some reason I thought 17. Just now. Philosophically, one. Everything being black and white, and you just stay to the white. Or the black, whatever one is the right one.
- *Bob Beauvais*
Peter, Paul, and Mary couldn't answer the question and neither can I.
- *Mr. Stephens*

Have you ever killed a man?
Came pretty close once, but he lived. I am not afraid to go back to jail.
- *Larry Donaldson*

What's the biggest thing you've ever maimed?
An assembly line. - *Chris Kermath*

Is it acceptable for a grown man to enjoy *Charmed*?
Yeah, have you ever seen it?
- *Chris Kermath*
That's not like *Twilight*, is it?
- *Duane VandenBrink*

What is the best state?
I'm tempted by the mountains, but I guess I'll stick with Michigan.
- *Chris Kermath*

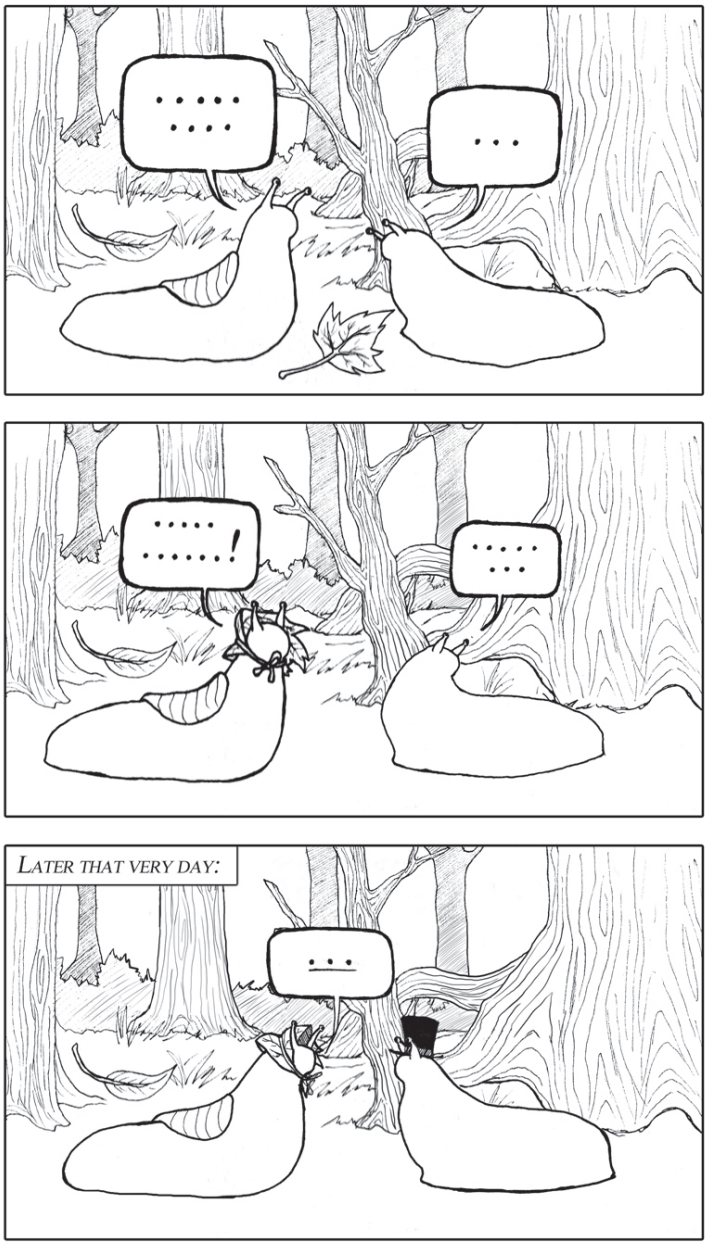
What's worse, puberty or aging?
A toss up. At puberty, you're not sure what to do with all that junk downstairs. When you're old, you know what to do with it, but can't. – *Mark Reagan Voss*

What's the most embarrassing part about aging?
Wet spots on the front of your pants. Pretty much the same as puberty.
- *Larry Donaldson*
Anal leakage.
-Mr. Rosen

Who would you choose between me and my mother?
How high is the cliff?
- *Larry Donaldson*

Slugs: A Melodrama

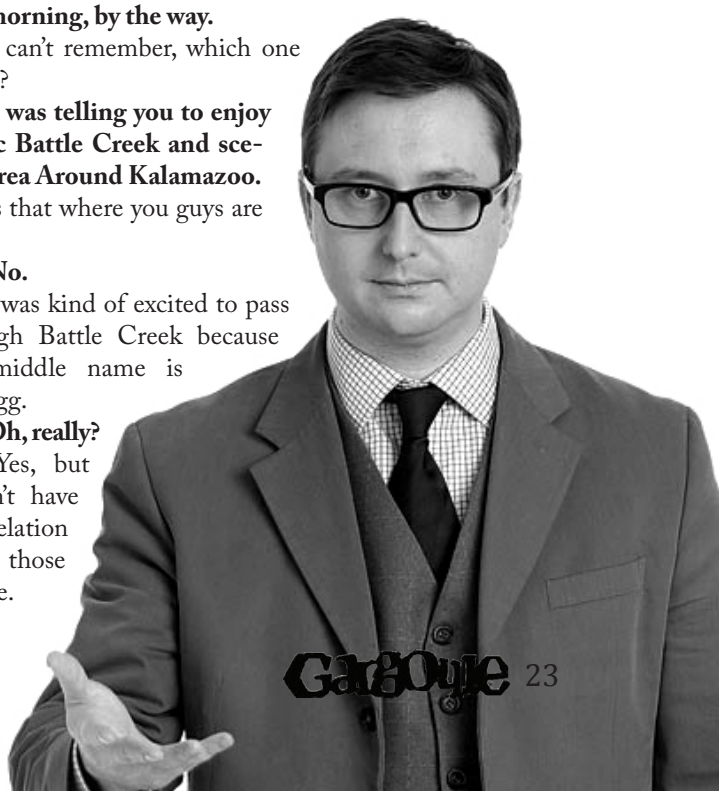
By Cathy Fisher

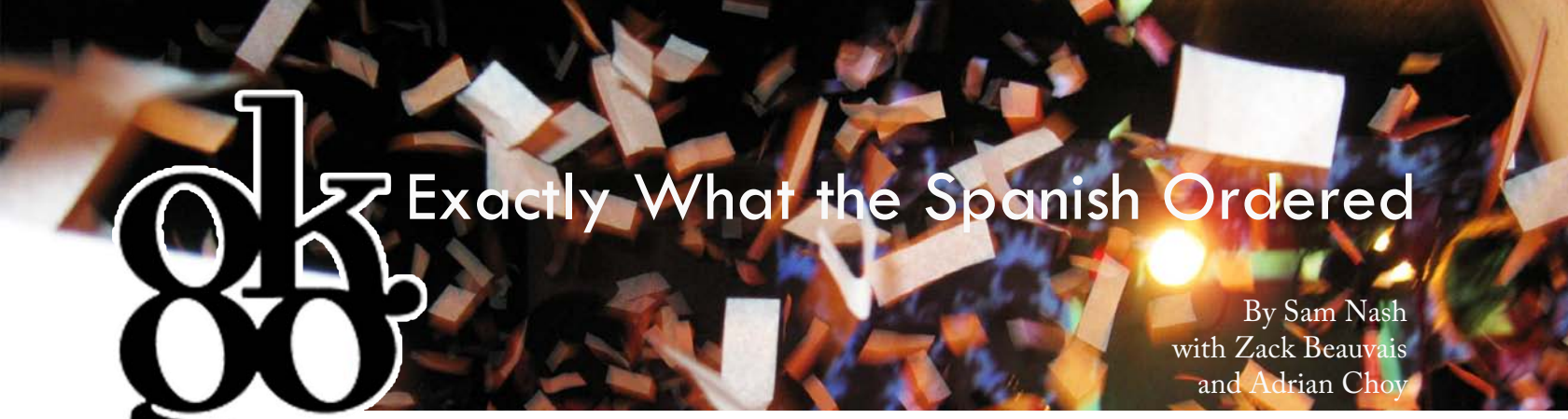


Five Minutes with John Hodgman

By Natalie Voss and Cathy Fisher

NV: If you could destroy any country, which would it be and why?
JH: What is your name?
NV: Natalie.
JH: Natalie. Hello, how are you?
NV: I'm fine, how are you?
JH: All right. First of all, I'd like to point out that Natalie read this question from a Moleskine notebook. She had been thinking about it. And the question, in case you didn't hear it, was "If you could destroy any country on Earth, which would it be?"
NV: And why.
JH: And why. I'm sorry, I misquoted your completely psychopathic, sociopathic question. I would not destroy any country on Earth.
NV: Or reinvent one?
JH: I would not reinvent a country. I am not a megalomaniac! I may be a famous minor television personality, but I am happy I am still the same John Hodgman, working-class stiff from Brookline, Massachusetts. I don't want—you are a super-villain! I don't—there's no—I don't—what—which would you—I don't even know if I want to know the answer to that question.
NV: I don't know, either.
JH: What makes you think these things? What else do you have in your notebook?
NV: If you were to start a band—
JH: "Which human in this room must die?" If I were to start a band…
NV: What would you name it?
JH: Umm…I don't know. There is a very good *McSweeney's* book called *Every Metal Band Name Ever*, and I think it's easily a thousand heavy metal band names that are all amazing.
NV: So it would be a metal band?
JH: No, no, I'm just saying it's been done before. I don't know, what would my…"John Hodgman Sings and the John Hodgman Singers."
CF: I don't know if you remember, but last year we gave you a copy of the Gargoyle…
JH: I do remember. I think I still have it somewhere. *[Is handed The Cereal Issue]* This looks cool, though. I like this design.
CF: Thanks for responding to my tweet this morning, by the way.
JH: I can't remember, which one was it?
CF: I was telling you to enjoy scenic Battle Creek and scenic Area Around Kalamazoo.
JH: Is that where you guys are from?
CF: No.
JH: I was kind of excited to pass through Battle Creek because my middle name is Kellogg.
CF: Oh, really?
JH: Yes, but I don't have any relation to those people.





Exactly What the Spanish Ordered

By Sam Nash
with Zack Beauvais
and Adrian Choy

You may know them as the band that danced on treadmills, or maybe as the group whose backyard video spawned a million copycats, yet what you may not know is that OK Go is more than just a viral dance sensation—did you know they make music, too? Gargoyle *didn't, which is what made our exclusive interview with OK Go lead singer Damian Kulash so intriguing.*

We arrived at the music venue/basement rape-lounge that is the Blind Pig a few hours before the band was set to play. Andy Duncan and Dan Konopka, the lead guitarist and drummer, were busy with soundcheck, and Tim Nordwind, the bassist, hadn't even arrived yet. A hardened-looking man covered in tattoos assailed us upon our entrance.

"Hey! What are you kids doin' up here? Bar's downstairs."

Lead writer and interview specialist Zack Beauvais took the lead. "We're here to interview the band…?"

"Hey, Damian, these kids say they're here for an interview," the man called.

Damian walked up. "Uh, yeah, sure—you guys want to go grab a cup of coffee? It's kind of hectic in here."

And so it came to be that three meek Gargies and this alt-pop prince were off to the Espresso Royale on Main. Damian walked ahead confidently, long pea coat draped elegantly over his shoulders, fitted jeans, and shoes that could only be described as "swanky." Zack couldn't help but comment on the singer's style.

DK: I'm dressed to kill. Right now I'm an operating fashion model. There is an ad campaign of me wearing fleece. It's very, very good fleece.

"Of The Blue Colour Of The Sky is way better than our other shitty records."

ZB: Do you have any style tips for our readers?

DK: Sock choice is very important.

Don't forget the details, kids.

He graced us with a peek of his complementing striped stockings.

AC: That's where the Devil is.

DK: And I, being named Damian, have a close affinity for the Devil. Is this a particularly religious student body? 'Cause my favorite joke right now is not popular with religious people.

ZB: You'll be fine with our audience.

DK: How do you get a nun pregnant?

SN: How?

DK: You fuck her.

Satanist or no, one must admit: the man has style and a sparkling wit. At this point it's amazing that he can even formulate sentences, considering he and the band were on a two and a half year-long tour until mid-2008.

DK: [That tour] was pretty hard. I'm sorry, it's fun, and there's lots of parts that aren't hard, and I hate reading fucking rock stars be like, "Ohhh, my poor life!" I could not be more thankful that we get to do what we want to do with our life, and that people are willing to support us playing music.

ZB: What were the best and worst shows on your thirty-month tour?

DK: It's hard to have a bad show in Austin, Texas. We've almost never had a bad show in DC, or, anywhere in Spain for some reason….apparently we are

exactly what the Spanish ordered. It's great. LA and New York can be really hit-or-miss, because people can be so above it all. We played a show in Taipei, and we were playing in the courtyard of a palace. There was, like, eight thousand kids there, and they just went fucking apeshit. As far as I know, none of them spoke English; but they knew every word [of our songs]. It was unbelievable.

"This is the kind of ridiculous shit you can do if you have a popular video."

Boy, the worst…the worst was probably in Monkton, Ontario. It was just like about four degrees Kelvin, and it was fucking cold as nuts, and wet, and we had been driving in a hatchback to get there—and it was like "We drove for 46 hours to get to this?" And it never even got warm inside the club. It was miserable.

After their lengthy tour, OK Go had written enough songs to begin recording their next album: Of The Blue Color Of The Sky. *The band's lovely publicist was able to grant Gargoyle an early copy of the CD. While it is a different sound than what we had heard in the past, it does anything but disappoint—us, at least.*

DK: It's definitely not what you expect, but it's way better than our other shitty records.

SN: How do you think the audience will feel about it at first?

DK: I'm a nearly psychotic optimist, so I think everyone's going to love it. But I also know that it sounds really different from our other records, so there's sort of no way that anybody who liked those records won't be shocked, and some of them will be dismayed. Some of them will be like, "Wow, it's even better." I'm sure we'll lose some fans because of it, but I like it a lot more. It feels more like the music in my head, and I'm much more proud of it than the other stuff.

ZB: What did you guys do differently, writing this one, compared with the other ones?

DK: Being away from home for two and a half years and having essentially the same day over and over again for those two and a half years is a pretty intense experience, and can leave your life in a very fucking weird place. In some ways good, in some ways bad. Another part is, we all grew up listening to pretty aggressive boy-rock. It influenced the way we thought about writing music, which was that you just BANG on that fucking thing and LOUD and it's awesome. After three years of touring on those same songs every fucking night… it felt so fake, and I just didn't want to write from the majesty of rock standpoint anymore. The music was written much more from a "groove" standpoint this time. Most of it was I would come up with a beat or a rhythm or a set of sounds that sort of felt right as opposed to the more architectural "now the one chord, now the five chord." I think it became a more melodic record because of it. A lot of stuff just started with a sample, or, you know, I just really wanted to hit a bell a lot. There's bells all over the frickin' record…it's all bells.

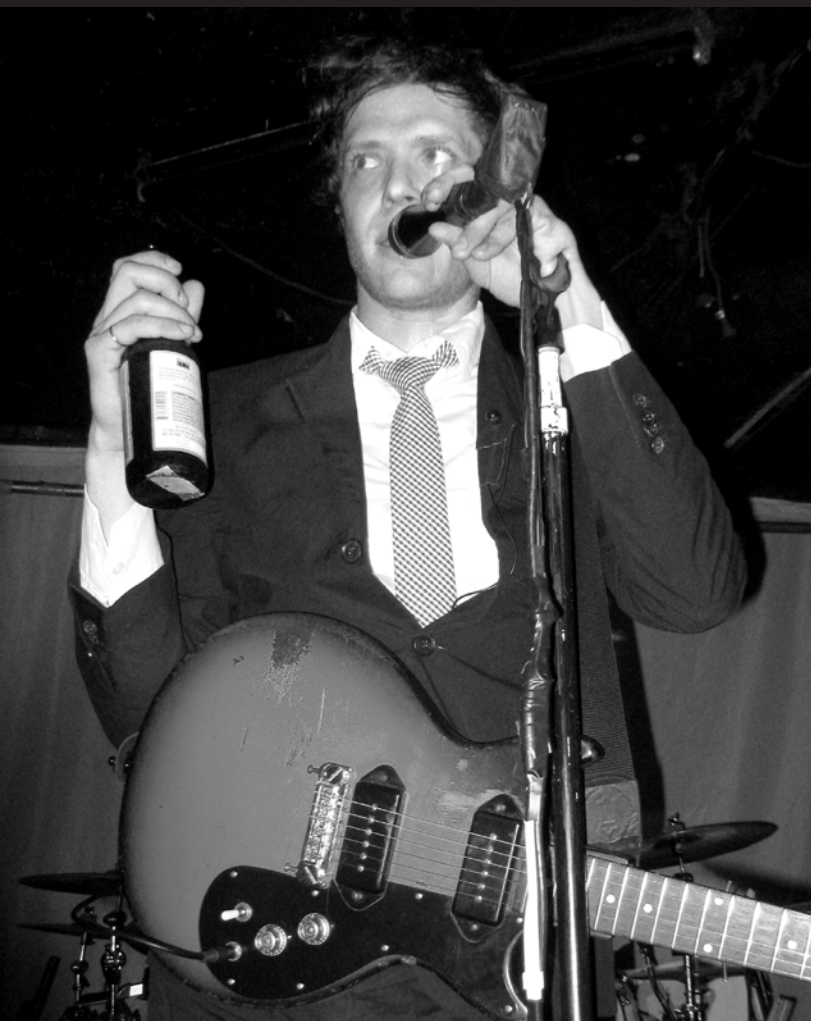
ZB: Our editor was asking about a track…I forget what track it was, but it kind of sounds like it has a robot voiceover...

DK: Oh, "Before the Earth Was Round?"

"Spiders are gonna fucking tear the Internet down."

ZB: Yeah. What was the inspiration? Did you have an actual robot?

DK: Well, I am the robot. It's a vocoder. There was a lot of fighting in the writing of this record, with myself, about what is good and what is bad. Which is to say I'm incredibly self-critical, so I basically



spit out all these music ideas and then I hate them. At some point you have to stop thinking that you know everything, and because I obviously do know everything, it's difficult for me. The metaphor of the song is that, when people didn't know anything, wildness was afoot everywhere and it was a wonderful place, and then revelation happened, and everybody got boring and went to war.

Of the Blue Colour Of The Sky *is based off of the book by the same name written by A. J. Pleasonton in 1876. In the book, he claims to prove that sunlight filtered through blue glass can cure mental and physical illness, heal wounds, make crops and livestock grow bigger and faster, and more. The US Patent office even went as far as to award Pleasonton a patent on visible blue light. After becoming an international sensation, Pleasonton's theories about the benefits of blue light were found to be false, and the craze ended.*

SN: What themes throughout the book are also present in your CD?

DK: The major one is global assertions, many of which are false, this earnest desire to find a better way in times that are really tough. And for the band personally, there's been some pretty tough moments. Trying to figure out a way to let your optimism and your happy side have a life even in the face of staggering odds to the contrary can be difficult. I sort of feel like this guy tried to save the world. I mean, the guy thought he was saving the world by bringing everybody the wonder of blue light, and it just so happens that he was wrong. There's something about the naïve earnestness of it that felt like a lot of lyrics on our record, which are, "It's going to be OK! It's going to be OK!" when clearly it's fucking not going to be OK.

SN: You've conquered choreographed dances in backyards and on treadmills. What is the new frontier for this album?

DK: I can tell you some of the new frontiers, but there are several. One of them is simply psychedelic color. One of them is the Notre Dame marching band. One of them is…toast.

(We utter a murmur of confusion.)

DK: I can't say any more than that, but one of them is at least toasted…toasted stuff. Toasted toast. We have an extremely low budget, feature-length film that we want to film in fourteen online, five-minute segments. We have a machine that we are building in Los Angeles that takes four months to build, and we have fourteen [NASA] engineers working on it with us. This is the kind of ridiculous shit you can do if you have a popular video, you can just be like, "Everybody, come with me! We're going to make a machine!" It's wonderful.

ZB: On the same line, your band's used new media a lot; the Internet has been very good to you. Do you think you could have gained the same level of popularity and fame in a pre-Internet era?

DK: No. Well, differently. The openness of the Internet and the sort of Wild-West-ness of it has been wonderful to us and for us because our goal is to just keep making shit that we find fun to make. And it's so wonderful to have this medium where there's sort of no restrictions, and in fact the less you observe your restrictions, the more likely you are to succeed. It was the exact opposite in the music industry of 1995, or 1965. If "Get Over It" had come out five years before and had been a big radio hit, then we would have had to be that "Get Over It" band forever, basically. No one's expecting us to dance on elliptical trainers, as far as I know, and if anyone's expecting it—you've got another thing coming. The only precedent that I think we've set for ourselves is as long as it's weird and unexpected and fun. That's such a wonderful freedom to have, which we definitely would not have had in a different era.

ZB: Coming through from that, it sounded like your rise to popularity helped influence your opinion on Net neutrality. What's your biggest fear for something that could happen to the Internet?

"Come on, Moby. You said that yesterday!"

DK: Spiders.

ZB: Spiders?

DK: Spiders are gonna fucking tear the

Internet down. I mean, spiders are scary in general, but when it comes to electric spiders—the fuckers. No, uh, my biggest fear about the Internet is that it will become more-or-less owned or controlled by telecom companies. We're very lucky that we now have a much more sympathetic FCC. Electro-politics are such a weird game—people vote on guns, gods and gays, and they think that that's all that they're voting on.

ZB: You've done a lot of… activism, or whatever you call it.

DK: Do-gooderism.

ZB: Yes. Do you feel that you have a social responsibility now, being in the public eye?

DK: I feel like individuals have individual responsibilities. If I am best suited to publicize a particular thing, then in some way that becomes my responsibility, or at least my opportunity. One of the reasons why I'm so involved in net neutrality is because we are really a poster boy case: the band who made a video for five dollars and got downloaded ten million times—you basically cannot find a better one-liner sentence for that. There's a lot of musicians, and bleeding heart Lefties in general, who just want to mean everything to everyone all the time—is there a cause that Moby has not championed? Does anyone listen to Moby anymore? Maybe, I have no idea. I mean, not musically, but when he's saying (in an effeminate voice), "But everybody, the world is screwed in this particular way," it's like, "Come on, Moby. You said that yesterday!"

SN: On the note of social responsibility, your grandfather invented the modern day fish stick. How do you plan to continue this legacy?

DK: There's no way I'm going to top the wonder that was my grandfather.

While Damian may not be able to outshine his highly influential grandfather, he and OK Go can take pride in the impact that they make on the music of young musicians.

DK: We certainly meet a lot of kids who are like, "My band—it's trying to be your band!"

"It's ridiculous for any rock band to think that they're really that original anymore."

AC: Do you think it's a healthy thing for bands to want to be like a certain band instead of trying to do their own thing?

DK: I think when you're fifteen it is. I feel like originality is a strange, modern obsession. Steering your own ship and being who you want to be and doing what you want to do is important, but taking influence from other things [is natural]. It's ridiculous for any rock band to think that they're really that original anymore. Are you serious? Are you using the same four instruments that have been used for the past hundred years? Everyone's essentially playing Beatles songs with just a slightly different affect. Can you imagine if the concertmaster of the Cleveland Symphony was like, "Guys, I'm not fucking playing this Chopin, this is retarded! I will write the music around here!" There are lots of ways that music can exist, and some of it is playing other people's music.

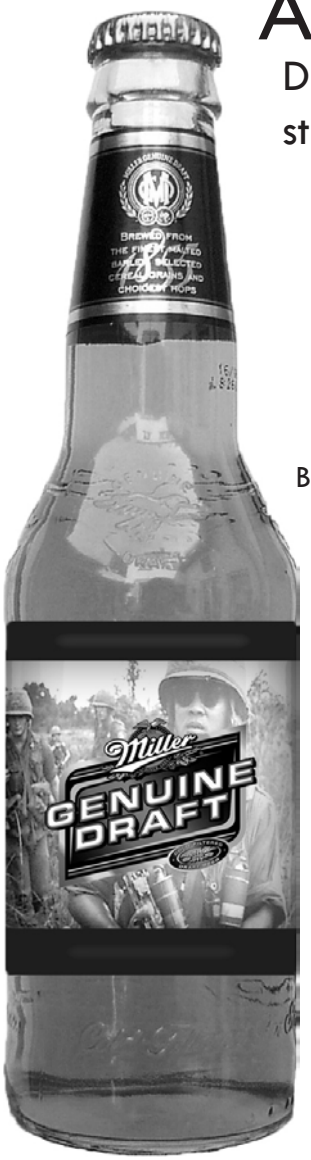
Of The Blue Colour Of The Sky, *too, is influenced largely by some of the musician's own favorite performers, such as Prince and Pixies. OK Go moves away from a pop-friendly "chord to chord" progression to one layered with unique elements that take the sound to a new emotionally evocative and stimulating level. So give it a listen. Better yet, and we highly advise this, listen to it twice.* Of The Blue Colour Of The Sky *is a very well assembled album and displays the band as musicians, something that their previous work failed to do. The new songs won't pull you in or get stuck in your head like "Here It Goes Again," but you will want to listen to them again.*

Regretful that we had to part from our star, Zack, Adrian, and I thanked Damian and walked him back to the Blind Pig. Happily, though, an hour later we returned to see him and the boys play one hell of a show.

To read more of this interview, hit us up at www.gargmag.com!

Little-Known Slogans for Alcoholic Beverages

Drawn from the collective experience of the Garg staff for your benefit



Rich and Rare: For the discerning gentleman on a budget.

Steel Reserve: It's like licking a crow bar.

Captain Morgan: Do you watch television?

Skyy: Do you watch television and are you an asshole?

Jäger: Don't drink Jäger—bömb it.

Franzia: I remember my first drink too.

Gordons: I read about gin and tonic in a book once.

Blue Moon: Sam Nash once found one in a tree. She drank it.

Kraken: You sank my battleship.

Smirnoff: Better enjoyed with balls safely in purse.

Smirnoff Ice: Shut up bitch, swallow.

Diet Mountain Dew: How the fuck did this get on here?

The Michigan Daily: Fuel for Gamers!

Coors Light: I'm pretty sure it's beer.

Ten High: For the unemployed man of leisure.

Listerine: The poor man's Ten High.

Red Dog: Uncommonly smooth.

Everclear: Suspiciously alcoholic.

O'Doul's: The most unpopular man in Ireland.

Three-Buck Chuck: Drink the memories away.

El Toro: Means "The Toro."

Olde English: Malt liquor fit for the Queen.

Five o'Clock: Drink while driving.

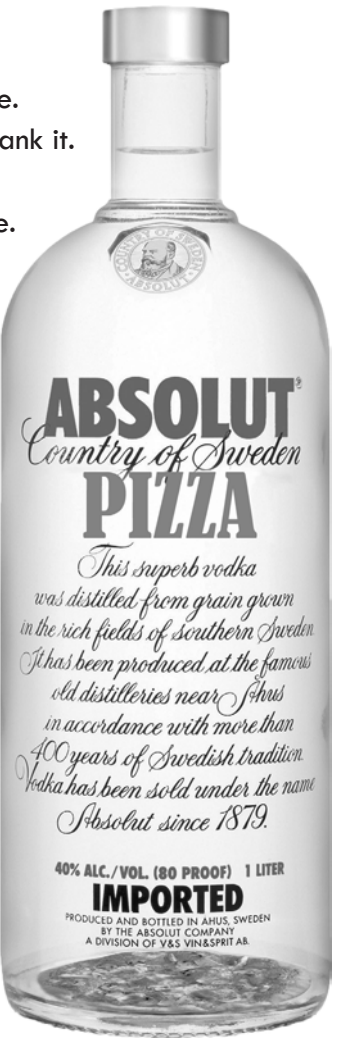
Hennessy: Smells like Usher.

Hypnotiq: Smells like Sisqo.

Heineken: Who drinks this anymore?

Southern Comfort: The South will rise again.

PBR: I drank it before it was cool.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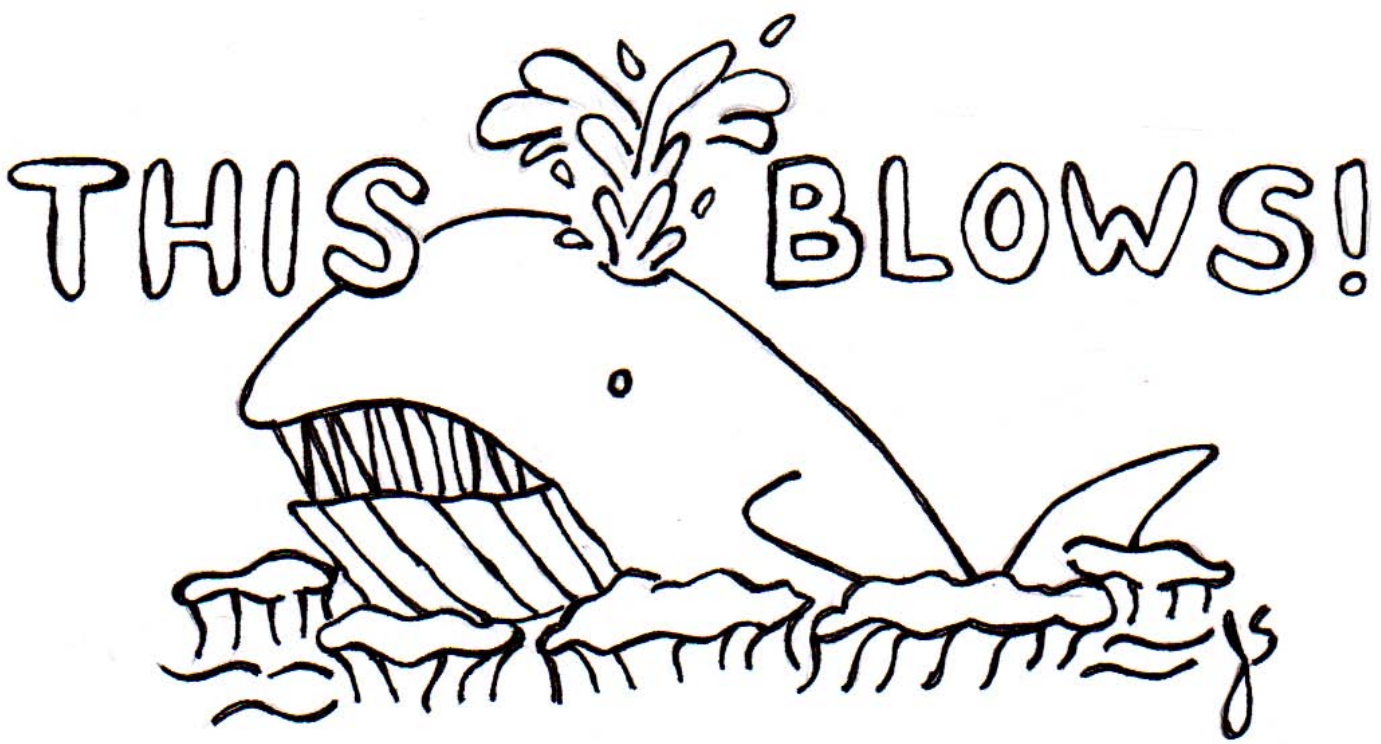


Grandpa's House

By Rubin Quarcoopome

It was the first Sunday in March. That means that it was time to visit Grandpa at his house. Grandpa's house is full of other old people and it's big too—real big—and smells like ham. Even when it's not lunch. I've only seen Grandpa eat once. He took a big piece of cheese and breathed on it until it melted in his hands. Then he licked it off his palms. He spent the rest of dinner biting his fingernails so that he could "get all the yella outta there." It was weird because we were having mashed potatoes and corn.

I like Grandpa. He reminds me of death. His favorite color is white. He doesn't like black people very much. Momma told me that's 'cause Grandma left him for another man. I found a note from Grandma in Grandpa's dresser once. It said,

"Dearest Marv,
Montel was bigger than you.
-Love, Sherie"

I was confused. Grandpa was 6 feet tall, even when he crouched in the dark, waiting for me. He did that a lot. He said it reminded him of the War. That black guy must have been really, really tall. Like Andre the Giant. I watch a lot of wrestling. Grandpa says that it'll make me gay. I asked mom what "gay" meant once. She made me watch *Friends*. I like TV.

Grandpa was sitting next to the window. He saw me coming. He smiled at me. Some drool came down his chin. He pointed behind me. Nurse Jackson had bent over to pick up a pencil. Her boobies were big. Grandpa used to fake die so that she would breathe on his mouth. She would always say, "No tongue, Mr. Sanders, no tongue!" I like Nurse Jackson. Momma calls her a "slut." I like "sluts."

Grandpa said, "Sit down, Billy! How old are ya now?"

I said, "My name's Timmy. And seven, Grandpa."

"Again? I thought you were seven last week too. Don't lie to me, boy!"

"But I am, Grandpa! My birthday's not till next year."

Grandpa spit. He does that a lot. It looks like bacon.

Grandpa said, "Well, then, boy, I ever tell ya how life was back in the day?"

I said, "Yes, Grandpa, so many times."

But he didn't listen, and just kept talking. Momma says he's see-nile. I think that means his vision's real good. Grandpa can see boobies from across the room. He always pokes my shoulder and tells me to stare. Momma says I shouldn't. I wanna be see-nile too someday. Momma says it'll probably happen anyway. I like Momma. Grandpa started his story.

"I was born Marvin Nathaniel Sanders in a small town in Kansas. My father was a steamboat captain, and a terrible one at that. He'd never even seen a boat before. I think he was just drunk most days…one Christmas, he drank so much that he did the Charleston for five straight hours. Damn! He died right after that. He left me two whole dollars in his will, and I bought myself a barrel of whores for the night. I was twelve then. Oh, but I loved him."

I coughed because the air was thick and wet like the inside of a mouth.

"What are ya laughing at, Riley?"

"My name's Timmy, Grandpa."

"Russell?"

"Timmy, Grandpa!"

"Denzel?"

"It's…yes, it's Denzel, Grandpa."

"Right then, Terrence, pay attention."

Grandpa could never remember my name. I don't know why. I can remember lots of names! Like Aunt Flo, who stops by once a month just for Momma. Pappa says every lady has an Aunt Flo. I guess parents aren't very creative with names. Pappa says Aunt Flo makes women crazy. Maybe she's a mean person. Like Pappa when he drinks.

"My mother was a tank driver for the Kansas State Militia. It was her job to defend the border in case the Confederates came back. Her mother had done it, and her mother before her, and that was it, because nobody in Kansas trusted women with tanks till the late 19th century. She was the real breadwinner though! She bought me all the things I wanted. For my 8th birthday, I asked for a bottle of Coca-Cola. Well, she gave me a whopping till I forgot all about that."

Grandpa was farting. It was really loud. He had been doing it for a while now. It smelled like when my kitty died and I forgot to tell Mamma. Kitty stayed under my bed for a week. I heard something wet. Grandpa stopped talking. He smiled at me.

"Well, Simon, I pooped myself."

"I do that too sometimes, Grandpa."

"I do too. Call Madame Mammary. Only thing better than hers is my own clean ass."

I walked over to Nurse Jackson. I slapped her on the bum like Grandpa taught me.

"Why, hello there, Little Timmy. What can I do for you?"

"Grandpa pooped himself, ma'am."

"Again? Oh, your grandfather is such a charmer. I'll bring the mop."

"He said that the only thing better than your ass is his clean ass."

"Well, isn't that nice?"

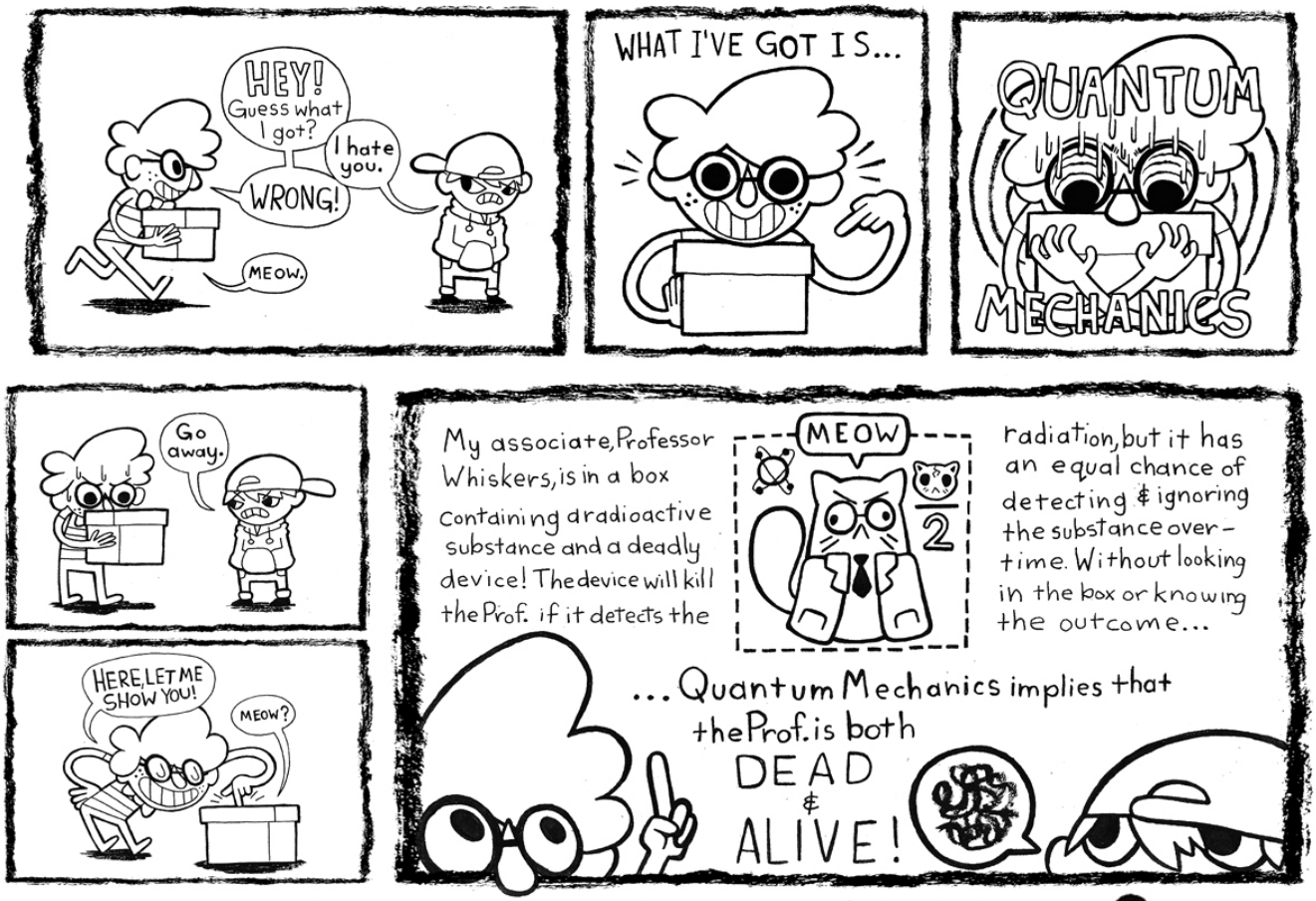
Nurse Jackson cleaned Grandpa up. He didn't wanna go to the bathroom, so she did it where he was sitting. Grandpa looked really happy. He said it was like a car wash with boobs. Grandpa likes boobs a lot. I like boobs too. But not as much as TV. But TV has boobs too. And so do Momma and Nurse Jackson. And Grandpa has boobs, but they're pointy and hairy.

"Bye, Grandpa. Momma's here. I'm going home."

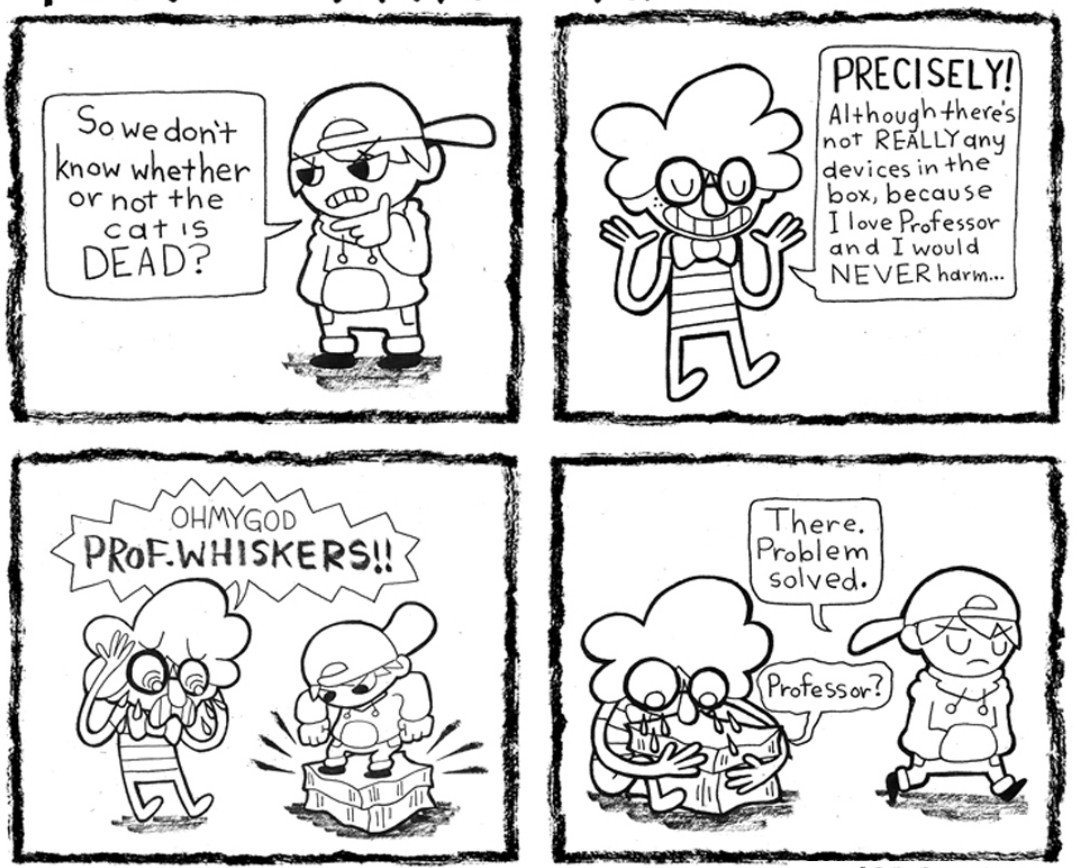
"Simon, if a Vietnamese hooker ever asks you for a donkey and some hot sauce, you better tell her, 'Hell yea!'"

"I will, Grandpa."

And that's how I spent my weekend. It was fun. I like Grandpa's house. He teaches me lots and lots. One day, I wanna grow up to be just like him. Momma says I will if I never use a condom. I don't know what that is, but it must be really, really bad.


HEY! Guess what I got?
I hate you.
WRONG!
MEOW.
WHAT I'VE GOT IS...
QUANTUM MECHANICS
Go away.
HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU!
MEOW?
My associate, Professor Whiskers, is in a box containing a radioactive substance and a deadly device! The device will kill the Prof. if it detects the
MEOW
1/2
radiation, but it has an equal chance of detecting & ignoring the substance over-time. Without looking in the box or knowing the outcome...
...Quantum Mechanics implies that the Prof. is both
DEAD & ALIVE!

ISN'T THAT AMAZING?


So we don't know whether or not the cat is DEAD?
PRECISELY! Although there's not REALLY any devices in the box, because I love Professor and I would NEVER harm...
OHMYGOD PROF. WHISKERS!!
There. Problem solved.
Professor?

-ADRIAN CHOY

HAY LITTLE BIRD
I'm sorry, you don't appear to be on the list